

The Saturday Review

No. 3417. Vol. 131.

23 April 1921

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 333

LEADING ARTICLES:—

Revolution in England? ... 336
Science and Common Sense ... 336
Conrad on Life and Letters ... 337
London's Museum ... 338
The Manners of To-day ... 339

VERSE:—

The Dream City ... 339

CORRESPONDENCE:—

Conservatives and the Coalition 340
Treating with Sinn Fein ... 340
Col. Gretton's Licensing Bill ... 340
London and Paris Theatres ... 341
The Use of Reviews ... 341
Military Titles ... 341
The Coastguard ... 341
'The Heart of Midlothian' ... 341
Johnson and the Actor ... 341
"Knock-outs" on a large scale 342
Some New London Statuary ... 342
Sea Pie and the Navy League 342
A Humanitarian Pope ... 342

REVIEWS:—

An Interpretation ... 343
The Fifth Army ... 343
A Notable Trial ... 344
Wine and Song ... 344
"Bounty" Bligh ... 345
The Turk as Ideal ... 345
Music Notes ... 346
Quarterlies ... 346
Our Library Table ... 346
Sport ... 347

FINANCE:—

The City ... 350

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

OUR summary last week of the industrial position and its relation to the threatened strike might well, in view of what has happened since, be claimed as an intelligent anticipation of events. It was left to private members of Parliament to adopt the suggestion we made—a demand for a clear statement of facts from both sides. The result was eminently satisfactory, and provided at least a peaceful week-end for a nerve-racked public. A new offer was made on behalf of the miners, and the railwaymen and transport workers were only too glad of the pretext to cancel a sympathetic strike, the success of which was dubious in the extreme. Labour was divided; so that course was the only one open to Messrs. Thomas and Gosling. One thing emerged from the informal tribunal in Committee-room No. 14, and that was that the mine-owners' case was not only vague, but harsh in its incidence, where in any way definite. We thought and said as much, and we warn these owners that they cannot expect the public to fight a bad case for them. Apart from the evidence of the Duke of Northumberland and the imported assistance of Mr. Harold Cox, their pleadings before the Sankey Commission were pitiful, and hopelessly ill prepared. So it is again. Neither the mine-owners nor any other group must jeopardise the peace of the country by ill-considered or selfish action. If they have a case, let it be stated clearly and without prejudice.

We have nothing to add to our comments of last week, and we cannot wish for anything better than a development of the action taken. Let the House of Commons appoint a committee of its members under the chairmanship of the Speaker, to hear and adjudicate between the rival parties. We are all exhausted by the flood of claims and opinions as to the merits of National *versus* District wages, pools, subsidies, levies and what not. We are a business people; so let us settle the matter in a business-like way, by appointing a

body of mutually trusted public men to hear arguments on every point, and form an opinion which will lead to an amicable and honourable settlement. The forces of Labour are with us in this, that they want a fair deal all round. In no other way can we have peace and prosperity.

One danger remains, and a serious one. We do not call up the Reserves or enroll Special Service Corps without cause. Troops were not wanted for use against the miners, or the men of any other trade union, but for coping with a possible contingency, dangerous alike to all. Undoubtedly there are in our midst those who would take advantage of our economic condition to promote strife and dissension, and create a position favourable to the furtherance of their selfish aims. Extremists, Bolsheviks, Communists—call them what you like—they are a danger to the public safety at such a time as this. All should combine to exterminate these pests, irresponsible as they are, with nothing to lose, and everything to gain by stirring up trouble and discord. Labour leaders know the danger and, fortunately, they are not unmindful of it. Society demands that the continuance of the plots against its welfare should be stopped. The offenders, for the most part aliens, are who must deal with them summarily by deportation or punishment.

The Prime Minister meets M. Briand to-day at Lympne, Sir Philip Sassoon's country house in Kent. We regret extremely that Mr. Lloyd George does not select another rendezvous. Surely there is sufficient official accommodation throughout the country for such meetings as these; and if nearness to the French coast is an attraction, why not moor the palatial Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* in Dover Roads? She has been fitted out at great expense, and might be put to some useful purpose. The main objection, however, to Lympne is not that it is a private residence, but that it belongs to Sir Philip Sassoon. We are not among the scaremongers who see in every Jew a possible traitor, or a veracious document in the protocols of the Elders



Royal Exchange Assurance

INCORPORATED A.D. 1720.

Apply for full particulars of all classes of Insurance to the Secretary

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.3



of Zion; but we cannot blink the fact that there are many who believe in both possibilities, and in the interests of English Jews, it would be well if the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues were more circumspect. There is a strong anti-Jewish feeling in some sections of the public to-day, as there always is in every war period, and in these days of nerves it should have as little as possible to feed on. These flame-fanners might remember that it was the late King Edward who first made extensive use of Jewish hospitality, and in spite of Colonel Repington's caustic comments on the private opinion of their guests, the lavish entertainments of rich Jews in this country are still largely patronised. We suspect the Jews of nothing more than of exercising their agile brains for preferment and the gaining of riches, also the parading of these prized possessions; but the ignorant fanatic sees in them a veritable serpent in the grass. English Jews would prefer a little less publicity than they are receiving, and this might well be accorded them.

The clever German is out for terms—his own terms. He would have us employ him to reconstruct devastated France; he would even have us in partnership, so that his industry might repay us as partners, and not as creditors. The idea is cute, yet might be more feasible and even profitable than the forcible collection of debt. France cannot destroy industrial Germany by force, and it would be to our disadvantage if she could. We must not forget this, and we cannot afford the sacrifice to sentiment which France is willing to make. We have done much for France; let her be reasonable in her demands, and not press unduly her claim for a debt which may become a costly asset.

How the German trader would meet the 50 per cent. reparation tax was quickly demonstrated to us. The *modus operandi* is simple, yet fatal to the idea that the indemnity will be collected in any such form. A recent order from a British agent drew a *pro forma* invoice in reply, for the full amount charged in Germany, leaving him to get from his buyer the 50 per cent. as well as the exchange taxes demanded. Thus the German manufacturer or trader gets his own price, and the British buyer pays the 50 per cent. and other taxes—in other words, the indemnity due from Germany. This is as we anticipated. The tax has reduced Germany's output, but it has brought us neither money nor trading benefit.

There is a rising tide of opposition to the Revenue Bill now before Parliament, and it is well that the public should be aroused to the knowledge that it is a real danger to their rights. The threatened promotion of the Surveyor of Taxes is but another bureaucratic encroachment. The removal of the present Commissioners would leave taxpayers helpless in the maze of taxation formalities and conditions, without disinterested advisers, and at the mercy of officials armed with powers to deal summarily with their unhappy victims. In all conscience, the dogmatic bureaucrat is already sufficiently powerful. Surely Robert Louis Stevenson was inspired when he wrote:—

"Well, this golden age of which we are speaking will be the golden age of officials. In all our concerns it will be their beloved duty to meddle; with what tact, with what obliging words, analogy will aid us to imagine. . . . Our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors, who now begin, notebook in hand, to darken the face of England."

We have always maintained that it would be cheaper to pension Dr. Addison than to keep him in office. Apparently our advice has been taken; but we have a strong objection to the "Minister without Portfolio." Either a man has a job, or he hasn't. During the war crisis the Cabinet needed, and had, the counsel of Ministers without portfolios, but there is no occasion for such irregularity now. The late Minister of Health

was once useful to the Prime Minister, but surely he has already been well rewarded at the country's expense. According to a Civil Service Supplementary Estimate, Dr. Addison is to receive a salary of £5,000, and two well-paid secretaries are attached to him. We are glad to learn that someone is attached to him; we never pretended to be so, and still less are we now. Surely a retiring allowance and a good panel practice would have been sufficient from an over-burdened Treasury.

To the Prime Minister's argument that no business concern could pay wages which did not allow of a reasonable margin of profit, one of the miners' spokesmen made the pertinent reply that a nation which showed a deficit in its working was not justified in raising the remuneration of its employees, to wit, the Civil Servants. The salaries now paid in the higher posts of our swollen Civil Service are extravagant. Estimate after estimate reveals this fact; but on Thursday Sir Alfred Mond announced that if the men were not well paid, they would "go into the City." Surely the former First Commissioner of Works has not lately been in that part of the world? It was left to the new Financial Secretary to the Treasury to offer the only plausible justification for the high salaries now prevailing in and about Whitehall. There must be prizes in the profession, he said, if young men of ability are to be attracted to the public service. By all means: but let it not be all prizes and no blanks. The raising of officials' salaries at the present time savours of palm oil.

The Air Services Appropriation Account for 1919-20 lies before us, with accompanying strong comments from the Auditor-General on the laxity displayed in the handling of expenditure. Balances irrecoverable and claims abandoned amount to nearly half a million, while theft and gross neglect account for over £73,000. But is it of any use to write further of such affairs? Not one single culprit is mentioned by name, although many must be known. The contractors are at it again with a vengeance; but of what avail is protest or comment? The flying officers and men were wonderful, but the Air administration department for materials appears to have left much to be desired. The Air Ministry apparently attracted a questionable type of man, and there are many who should be under lock and key. But we never do such things. The tired soldier who slept on duty might be shot; but the contract "wagglers" and bunglers go scot-free, with pips and honours. We have not yet heard of one of these dishonest officers being punished. Were it not for common knowledge and such reports as this, one might imagine that there were none.

The suppression of independent reports is becoming a habit with our bureaucratic Government. We have already referred to Captain Harper's report on the Battle of Jutland. The public have not seen that, nor have they seen the Strickland report on the Cork burnings. According to Lord Lamington, there is yet another suppressed, the Report of the American Commission on the political position of Palestine. He accuses the Government of ignoring the wishes of the inhabitants of that country, and withholding a report drawn up on the subject by an independent American commission. This report embodies a wish that there should be some restriction on the Jewish immigration to Palestine. Lord Sydenham also warned the Government that there will be trouble in Palestine, if any attempt at Jewish domination is attempted. This view is ours, and we would point out, further, that this country has no intention of backing Jewish domination in Palestine, whatever private agreements and understandings may have been arrived at. It would be manifestly unfair to the Arab population if their rights were jeopardised under any pretext. The minor rôle played by the Jordan Highlanders, under Lord Allenby, against the Turks does not justify the preferment of a Jewish community under Sir Herbert Samuel.

There is evidence that the people of Australia are more keenly alive to the wider needs of their country than they were, both as to finance, population and protection. Mr. W. M. Hughes has made a statement which is more interesting for what it does not say than what it does. It is evident that Australia feels her position as an outpost of the Empire, and desires a strong navy in the Pacific. According to Mr. W. M. Hughes, there is no anxiety-regarding Japan; on the other hand, there is no other conceivable nation from which anything is to be feared, and Australia's strongly maintained policy of a white man's country will always demand a strong navy. Again, Labour politicians have striven hard to prevent immigration, both from this and from other countries, with the obvious intention of maintaining high wages. This policy has created a high cost of living, and retards the natural development of a wonderful country; so there is now a disposition to encourage immigration. As tampering with the Crown leases in Queensland and New South Wales has created a shyness on the part of investors towards Australian securities, an effort is now to be made to induce the importation of money for the financing of the various schemes which await development.

The new Archbishop of Melbourne just appointed is Archdeacon Cody, a Canadian who belongs to Toronto and has been a Minister of Education in his own country, but has, we believe, no Australian connections. The appointment shows unusual enterprise, such as would hardly be ventured in this country. In Australia, however, the Crown does not appoint, as it does here, but a Board of Electors. This system seems distinctly preferable to the judgment of a Premier who may have no views on the subject worth considering. When Queen Victoria was alive, the Crown was a real influence in ecclesiastical patronage, and Gladstone, as a kind of lay bishop himself, took a great interest in the subject. Such keenness in the political world is now rare. But appointments, lay and ecclesiastical, if they make the judicious grieve, at least make the cynical smile.

Yet another ready pen tells us the story of our naval battle. The one version we all want to read is safe under lock and key in the archives of the Admiralty—Captain Harper's report, based on all available documents and evidence—but Mr. Filson Young gives us his in the *Times*—to be published later in book form. Why he should do so we cannot imagine, for although the title 'Some Sea-War Secrets' promises much, there is nothing that we did not already know. Mr. Filson Young, however, gives us Admiral Beatty's original Dogger Bank dispatch, and shows where it was doctored at Whitehall. Out of thirty paragraphs which this dispatch contained only four were unaltered. It is obvious that the author would do Admiral Beatty a good turn—it was from the *Lion* that he saw the little that he did see—and he overflows with hero-worship.

"Unfortunately the combination of coolness and restraint with his natural daring was not common. There were other leaders who had daring as great as his, and others who had caution equal to his; but there were none, among those who had the opportunity of proving their qualities, that had both in anything like the degree that he had. What might have been foolhardy in others was perfectly safe with him, because he knew and calculated all the risks and either took them or refused them. There is something tragic in the thought that here, as on a later and even greater occasion, we were robbed of the fruits of this steel-bright, steel-hard genius for battle. In each case everything was done, and rightly done. . . ."

Overdone, we should say.

Elsewhere we publish a letter from Rear-Admiral Hopwood, General Secretary of the Navy League, in which he gives the facts regarding the connection between his organisation and 'Sea Pie.' We have always appreciated the work of the Navy League, though, frankly, we were not cognisant of its charitable activities. However, our concern is with 'Sea Pie.' Rear-Admiral Hopwood tells us that £1,000 was con-

tributed to his funds by Sea Pie, Ltd., in July, 1917. Messrs. Drake, Son, & Parton, writing on behalf of Messrs. Keliher & Co., Ltd., in our issue of 26 March, mention a further sum of £264 8s. 9d. paid in July, 1918; but we take it the omission is an oversight on the part of our correspondent. We have examined the report to which we are referred, but while noting the work and statistics of the various committees, we cannot find mention of the contributions of Sea Pie, Ltd., either in the text, or in the cash account. In fairness to the authors and artists who contributed to 'Sea Pie,' and to the public who purchased it, some reference might have been made. The contributions are doubtless "lumped" in the total, but that is not so satisfactory as an account of separate fact and figure. Apart from all that, however, we still fail to see how 'Sea Pie' became Sea Pie, Ltd., and was obliged to dispose of its profits through intermediaries.

Mlle. Cécile Sorel has claimed 10,000 francs damages at law for a caricature of herself, exhibited at the Salon des Humoristes. It is apparently so cruel an attack on an actress as to be libellous. The Salon authorities have seized the opportunity to put the caricature in a centre position in the main room, with details of the legal process beneath it. Thereupon the actress has not waited for legal redress, but has broken with a protesting fist the glass which covers it, and announced the loss in the process of a valuable ruby, which turned up after all somewhere else. All concerned ought to be pleased; for the Salon, the perpetrator of the portrait, M. Bib, and the actress appear to have attained the maximum of advertisement. We shudder at the prospect of more effective violence in this country—if, say, one of the Labour leaders who is not so like a Greek god as Mr. Hodges finds himself misinterpreted at the Royal Academy.

The "Nameless" exhibition of modern pictures, to be held at the Grosvenor Gallery in May, under the auspices of the Editor of the 'Burlington Magazine,' promises to be an amusing venture, and should encourage the appreciation of art for its merit only, without reference to current reputation. The names of the artists will be kept secret till towards the close of the exhibition, in order that the pictures may for once be seen and judged "perfectly fairly by critic, by purchaser and by anybody from the street." No doubt some salutary discomfiture will await the artistic snob, whether he is to be found among the critics, the public, or the artists themselves. But we foresee, among critics and public, a certain caution, a fear of backing the wrong horse, instead of the frank approach which is desirable. Besides, in any exhibition of modern art we have only to go round without a catalogue to realise that, though our confidence in our own knowledge may often be shaken, a large portion of the pictures may be recognised, by anyone who frequents the galleries, as the work of particular artists or of familiar schools; so that we cannot free ourselves, by a mere suppression of names, from pre-conceived ideas and accumulated memories. Only the perfectly ignorant will be perfectly unbiassed, and they are not likely to visit the Grosvenor Gallery, or to benefit greatly, if they do.

Cigar merchants manifest a desire to sell cigars as cheaply as possible, anticipating, as they must, a reduced taxation in the new Budget. The tax has proved a signal failure. It has brought distress to Cuba, and privation to men of modest means who enjoy good tobacco, and are willing to pay a reasonable price for it. Why should cigars be so taxed? They are less harmful than the much-affected and costly cigarette, and the import would provide a large revenue, if their price bore some relation to their value. There is nothing more soothing to ragged nerves than a Havana cigar, and goodness knows, we want some soothing these days.

REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND?

SCOTT says somewhere, with the telling power of characterisation which only imagination can give, that a man never sinks to any such depth of degradation as when he falls under the passion of groundless fear. If this is true of an individual, it is equally true of a nation, and in each case it calls equally for the exertion of a self-respecting struggle against the malign influence. Are we always sufficiently on the watch against the symptoms of such national decadence?

It has almost become a commonplace now, that we are living upon the edge of a precipice, and that at any moment the horrors of Bolshevik Russia may come upon us with the rush of an avalanche. The Cassandras who repeat such threatenings make the usual specious claims to prudent anticipation, and almost congratulate themselves on their superiority to their purblind fellow-citizens, who go on with their business, and order their lives otherwise than under the influence of besetting alarm. They seem to think that they are discounting the future by their foresight, and they deck their poltroonery under the fine title of prudence.

It never seems to strike them that they are egregious calumniators of their own country. Have they forgotten all its past? Have they lost all faith in its essential qualities? If they truly believe that they are really living amidst a mass of swarming savagery, what can they find to be the worth of that delusive reign of order, the break-up of which is their constant nightmare? Can they recall in the past of our nation epochs in which triumphant barbarism and cruelty have burst out in resistless fury, and submerged all the long-drawn inheritance of national character, and maintained themselves unconquered against all the deeply planted elements of law and order? That such outbursts should recur occasionally, and have a brief day of spectacular and arrogant domination, is inevitable. We cannot prevent the fury of the madman running amok, or the blood-thirsty cruelty of the desperate criminal. We must meet both steadily, and crush them with all the drastic speed and ruthlessness which steady nerves secure to us. The struggle may be fierce, but it will be short. We do not, if we call ourselves men, live in perpetual nervousness of the outbreak which will come when it chooses, and will collapse according to the strength of the blow with which we are prepared to counter it. Life would be intolerable, if we wasted it, as individuals, in useless prognostication of disaster. If we are to lead our life as a nation, haunted by the nightmare of revolution, then national life is nothing but a cowardly frenzy, and national character a baseless fabric of delusion.

Has that national character been nursed by centuries of despotism, that we should be ready, like a nation of slaves, to use a sudden gain of freedom in an orgy of furious and bloodthirsty cruelty? Are the forces of order in this country resting upon a foundation so rotten and insecure that they are to be swept away by any such outburst, and that we are to live in perpetual fear of submergence, and drag on a worthless life upon mere sufferance? If this is all we gain out of a semblance of hollow security, better let it be swept away once for all, and let us build a sounder life out of the ruins.

But quite apart from the craven spirit that makes these prophets of revolution hug their self-created terrors as signs of perspicacity, has it never occurred to them that there are two causes which might suggest an alleviation of their fears? If we are doomed to live in perpetual dread of bloody revolution, may it not be well to ask, What will that revolution accomplish? Presumably the structure of society is so faulty, and its arrangements are so palpably unjust, that sweeping change is necessary. But at what point in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of social arrangements are we to fix the culmination of injustice? If these arrangements were unjust and one-sided a generation ago—a decade ago—even in the years immediately preceding the war, do they in their present state bear the smallest resemblance to these—now remote—

periods? Were the landed classes possessed of special privileges twenty years ago, and, if so, which of these remain to justify the drastic remedy of violent revolution? The landed interest has virtually ended and left not a wrack of power and privilege to mark its place, or to be the aim of the revolutionary marksman. It is only a matter of years until the possession of land must be separated from authority and consideration, and become either a plaything of the new rich, or a new tool in the hands of the grinding usurer. Or had the professional class any compacts that told in their favour, any corners of life which they had made their own, and which gave them the rest and seclusion, and the priceless independence, which sweetened existence? Have they not been effectively driven out of all such secluded nooks by those who preach the gospel of pure selfishness and money greed? Is any Bolshevik outbreak necessary to teach men that only the husks of life are to be the inheritance of those who are quixotic enough to think the ideals of professional independence worth pursuing?

Revolution by sabotage and carnage has never flourished on English soil. It has always proved quickly nauseating to the English appetite. The national temperament is phlegmatic enough to await it without hysterical agitation, and pugnacious enough to apply to it all the needful ruthlessness of reprisals. Those who have for more than a generation been preaching the pure gospel of unmitigated selfishness and who have enthroned the idol of material well-being as Supreme God, have really little left to fight about. The elements in the nation which revered her institutions, and loved her traditions—that is to say the Landed and Professional classes—have been driven out of power, and are no longer to be counted as other than negligible quantities. The revolutionaries would waste their time, their labour, and their ammunition, if they sharpened the guillotine and constructed bombs for the destruction of classes which were once supposed to tyrannize over them, and which are now thankful to be left alone in obscurity and poverty.

There is another consideration which may help still further to assuage these prevalent fears. Revolutionaries do not, if they can help it, war upon themselves. We are accustomed to assume that the war on society must come from the wage-earners: from the patient toilers to whom the comforts of life are denied, and who have learned patiently to tolerate the privileges of other classes. At last their patience becomes worn out, their material instinct emancipates itself; and they seek a place in the light, a share of the good things of the world.

But what if it is precisely this class which is now privileged by law; which sees the law prostituted to provide defences for its own greed and tyranny: which claims the right to dictate to a nation the fundamental conditions on which all commerce and industry shall be conducted: which contrives under the aegis of the law to prescribe the political course which the nation is to follow in conformity with the interests of a single class of workers; which makes a bold and successful bid for a full share of profits; and which, after securing this, insists further that it shall be secured, at the expense of other classes, from the burden of educating and feeding its children, of providing for its old age, of laying by for unemployment? If the class from which revolution is to emanate is buttressed in these privileges, has it not more to lose than to gain by revolution? May not this single consideration serve to soothe some of the craven fears of our trembling foreboders, who see behind each new Labour wrangle the fiery torch, the blood-stained dagger, and the dishevelled locks, of the Revolutionary Fury?

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE.

GR^{EAT} should be the joy of the uninstructed multitude on those rare occasions when results reached through the exercise of what they are pleased to call observation and common sense are confirmed by the verdict of science. Einstein's abolition of infinity might possibly rank as such an occasion. Are

we not all secretly convinced that, given free license to explore the material universe, we should some time come to an end of it? This, to be sure, may not be, and probably is not, what Einstein means. Perhaps then it is safer to fall back upon the less sensational instance provided by Professor Henri Leon's recent statement that, while four per cent. of our male population suffer from colour blindness, only one-half per cent. of the female population is so affected. It is, we think, a fact that though most of us can point to at least one male acquaintance who suffers from this disability, we should have a difficulty in finding a female similarly afflicted. It is also a fact that the explanation to which Professor Leon has tentatively given his sanction had already suggested itself to the non-scientific observer. Women's eyes, he says, have through the medium of dress been trained to colour for generations. Obviously this does not hold good of men. In support of his theory he tells us that Quakers are peculiarly susceptible to colour-blindness, owing to the monotonous hue of their garments—the drabs and greys and dove-colours which are now scarcely more than a tradition. As confirmatory evidence we may remark that a certain unskilfulness in dancing, ascribed in like manner to an abstinence from that art lasting over two centuries, was a source of regret to many young Quakers about thirty years ago. A like phenomenon occurs, it would seem, among the Jews. But here the cause can scarcely be the same.

A feminist might discern in this hypothesis a fresh ground for asserting the superiority of women, and their obvious fitness for at least one calling from which in the past they have been jealously excluded. For is it not notorious that railway accidents have often resulted from the signalman's inability to distinguish red from green? We prefer to take Professor Leon's pronouncement as the basis of a plea for sex-equality on slightly different lines. We would ask why the small boy should be obliged from earliest infancy to mortify this natural longing for beauty in his personal attire? Of beauty the baby mind has little or no conception, apart from colour; and in this respect the normal boy differs not at all from the normal girl. A red rose, or better still, a peony, will excite the same impulse of acquisitiveness in infants of both sexes; and for a boy too young to talk, a crimson sash is as much a source of pride as for his sister. The pity of it is that the little actor is so soon made to learn another part. Convention lays her baleful hand upon him long before he leaves the nursery. The catchword "a regular boy," supplemented perhaps by the deeper infamy of "only fit for girls," is impressed upon his imagination, till he actually comes (at the cost of what inward agonies who shall tell?) to assume, and perhaps to feel, pride in a costume which can scarcely be said to atone for its negation of colour by perfection in form. It is instructive to compare what we may describe as the apotheosis of that costume—the Eton jacket, big collar and top hat—with the uniform of the Charitable Grinders—the "nice warm blue baize tailed coat and cap, turned up with orange-coloured binding, the red worsted stockings, and very strong leather small-clothes." What a feast of colour denied to the duke's son, was lavished on the cook's (or to be exact, the nurse's) son! And the Eton jacket is hideously deficient as a "British warm." It has put some delicate boys well on the way to pneumonia.

In the days, for example, of Prince Rupert and his cavaliers, to be "brave" was not considered incompatible with being manly. That there were almost as strong objections to their ruby velvet and point lace as to their flowing curls, is undeniable. For military service, as for ordinary workaday life, utility must be the first consideration. But in the choice of festal attire, might not other motives be allowed a share?

If the Professor's hypothesis be correct, the greater masculine tendency to colour-blindness must date from little more than a century back. Jane Austen's famous dictum, that woman is fine for her own satisfaction only, marks the difference from days when Lovelace could render an account of every detail in Clarissa's toilette.

One ground of sympathy between the sexes was certainly abolished by the change, which took, however, some time to become a fixed convention. Even so late as the publication of 'Pelham,' black evening coats seem to have been the exception rather than the rule, the average man preferring green, blue, or brown. It would be interesting to know whether any allusions to an inability for distinguishing between colours can be found in literature of an earlier period.

CONRAD ON LIFE AND LETTERS

ANYTHING approaching autobiography from a great writer is exciting.* "This volume," says Mr. Conrad, "is as near as I shall ever come to deshabillé in public," and like many other writers estimating their own work, he is profoundly deceived. For let us suppose that he means by the French word—supplemented by the German "Schlafrock und Pantoffeln"—a revelation of the man Conrad as distinct from, say, the tender, the (well, why not!) immortally delicate creator of Lord Jim. We are to suppose therefore that we are permitted a nearer vision of Mr. Conrad by being introduced to his views on The Partition of Poland, and the Board of Trade's Regulations for Safety of Life at Sea! Has Mr. Conrad then deceived us and posterity all these years? Are those profoundly moving whispers in the heart that thrill from 'Almayer's Folly' to 'The Arrow of Gold,' stage tricks, while all the time the real Mr. Conrad has disdained these endearing artifices, and has secretly occupied himself with the ambitions of a Civil Servant!

This is indeed surprising. Are we in discussing him to forget the Conrad who is the very dayspring of romance, who more truly than even Tuan Jim followed the dream, then followed the dream "ewig usque ad finem"? Are we at his own suggestion to bind his memory in the blue paper covers sacred to H.M. Stationery Office? Shall his fame be ordered to be presented to both Houses of Parliament and share with Hansard the dingy immortality of shelves behind the Speaker's chair? Let us answer Mr. Conrad's own comical ignorance of himself by quoting these words that preface his own 'Youth':—

"But the Dwarf answered: No, something human is dearer to me than the wealth of all the world."

We have been admitted by Mr. Conrad to camp-fires in the heart of jungles where his soul ascends on the air heavy like jungle-vapour. Why should we concern ourselves with an essayist trifling now with reviews, and now with current topics? For these are not Conrad, any more than the admirable minutes he no doubt wrote on the delinquencies and virtues of the postal system are Anthony Trollope. If we wish to find Conrad in undress, full-dress, or fancy-dress, we must look outside these fugitive pieces which claim distinction because they are avowed as the work of the author of 'Lord Jim.'

Yet in a sense there is something consoling in this volume. In attempting to assess the personality of the great there is a fear lest we should credit them with every quality except that of usualness. The modest man in addressing himself to the consideration of the mental habits, say, of Napoleon instinctively assumes that, whatever were his springs of action, they could bear no resemblance to his own. Napoleon, for example, might have been a brilliant criminal, but never, it is assumed, a bore. In all his doings and sayings and thinking, he would be on horseback—preferably a white horse, and he with his hand in the bosom of his surtout.

It is because of this attitude that so much biography is stilted and untrue. The great do all greatly, sin greatly, love greatly, live greatly, die greatly. And all the time in the background an obstinate little man quarrels with the butcher about the quality of his meat! But that the biographer either doesn't know, or attributes to another man of the same name.

Mr. Conrad's biographer (for others than Mr. Curle will, we are assured, arise) will, if he faithfully digests this volume, be spared this attitude. He will

* Notes on Life and Letters. By Joseph Conrad. Dent: 9s. net.

discover that with some provocation Mr. Conrad might write a letter to the *Times*, and with a great deal sign himself "Lover of Justice." Not always does his magical spirit busy itself with huge dreams. Sometimes he sits at a desk, it seems, with indignation in his soul, and considers how the world about him may be redressed. He may, for example, be aware of the disgracefully crowded condition of the Underground Railways. He may hold opinions on Proportional Representation. He may be capable of believing that it is time that Carpentier and Dempsey—these elusive pugilists—actually exchanged fisticuffs. Yes—all these things are possible on the face of his political excursions in this book.

And do not let us be misunderstood. The things of which he writes are not trifling, nor treated without dignity or insight. Poland, which perplexed M. Clemenceau, and whose existence surprised Mr. Lloyd George, is a fitting theme for any publicist. The tragedy of the *Titanic* was a theme that must have struck the heart of any sailor, and the sensations of flying must have intrigued any pedestrian. We do not complain that these things called forth articles from Mr. Conrad. We merely observe that there was no particular reason why they should be preserved. Mr. Conrad is not a publicist; he is not a pedestrian; he is not even a sailor. These are labels given to persons requiring description. We do not say of Shakespeare that he was good at bowls (perhaps he wasn't). Shakespeare is—in short—Shakespeare, and Conrad is Conrad—well not quite in the same way as Shakespeare is himself, but not so incredibly far off as to make juxtaposition entirely ridiculous.

What then is this Conrad who has his opinions on Poland? Let us use his own words:—

"Confound the man! he had kicked the very earth to pieces. He was alone, and I before him did not know whether I stood on the ground or floated in the air." And of his language, "They were common everyday words—the familiar vague sounds exchanged in every waking day of life. But what of that? They have behind them, to my mind, the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams."

That in our view is Conrad. But let his biographer remember that Conrad himself thought he was *deshabillé*, when writing on Poland!

LONDON'S MUSEUM.

AFTER a public holiday the newspapers usually give us an estimate of the numbers who have visited London's principal museums and galleries. In this list the London Museum at Lancaster House practically never appears. Londoners and visitors to London will crowd the National Gallery or the museums at South Kensington, but London's own museum—whose treasures are far more popular and more easily appreciated than are, for instance, the paintings in the National Gallery—is neglected by the multitude. For seven years the London Museum has been housed at Lancaster House. For two years previously it was at Kensington Palace. Yet its very existence is scarcely known to the majority of people in London. Attempts are being made to popularise the London Museum by means of lectures, etc., but it will only achieve the popularity it deserves when Londoners begin to take a greater interest in London itself. The London Museum is neglected, because London is neglected, and while London remains neglected, we place little faith in artificial efforts to stimulate public interest in its museum. The important fact is that the museum is there. The public will find it and visit it, when they deserve it, when they deserve the name of Londoners. Our ancestors never worried about bringing the multitude to view their treasures. They were apt to lock them up, lest they should be defiled by the familiarity of the unworthy. This was a true, if undemocratic, instinct. Popularity is apt to kill beauty. 'Hamlet' is injured because Tom, Dick, and Harry have made quotations of so many of its best lines. So those who have laboured to build up the London

Museum, and those who value it, have no cause for despondency, because the museum is not thronged. They have done their duty, or have found their pleasure.

Four names should always be associated with the founding of the London Museum. When Lord Harcourt was First Commissioner of Works, he devoted much time and energy to collecting the funds and the exhibits. Thanks to his work, London's museum has never cost London a penny. Lord Harcourt's efforts were energetically supported by the late Sir Laurence Gomme, who was then clerk to the London County Council. Gomme exercised a good deal more power than even the members of his Council suspected, far more than his successor has wielded. He was an enthusiastic student of London, and his books opened a new line of thought for historians. Neither of these two men could have done much without a man like the late Sir Guy Laking. He was the King's Armourer, and became keeper of the London Museum at its foundation. He showed real genius in collecting and arranging the exhibits; indeed, no museum anywhere is better arranged. Lastly must be mentioned Lord Leverhulme, who acquired the lease of Lancaster (then Stafford) House and presented it to the nation, as a home for the museum. The house was built by Wyatt, the architect of Drury Lane Theatre; its internal decoration was so splendid that, the story runs, Queen Victoria, when visiting the Duchess of Sutherland, who lived there, told her, "I have come from my house to your palace." The Duke of Sutherland was driven out by death duties and Socialist taxation, but happily the Soap King came to the rescue, thus giving an example to show a democracy can sometimes rise to the level of an aristocracy in its eagerness to "satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose," to use Lowell's words quoted in Lord Bryce's new book on 'Modern Democracies.'

We have said that no city has a museum that is better arranged than the London Museum. The arrangement is chronological, so that by passing from room to room the visitor, as it were, walks through the centuries of London's history. The Pre-historic Room shows the rough, natural tools of London's earliest inhabitants, tools which were used in the days when men could walk across what is now the English Channel. On the wall there is an imaginative painting of the Thames and London in these far-off days, when London River was many times wider than it is now. In the Roman Room definite history begins. Here are specimens of pottery, lamps, pavement, wine-jars and numerous other proofs of the high standard of civilisation reached by London during the Roman occupation. Then through a corridor the visitor reaches Saxon and Norman London, a London that had shed most—but, if we can believe Gomme's theory, not all—of its Roman greatness and civic consciousness. The Saxons were not city-dwellers as the Romans were, but the invasions of other conquerors compelled them in the end to restore their towns. By the time of the Norman invasion London was once more a powerful, self-proud city. Who else but the rulers of a unique city could have compelled the masterful William to retire to Berkhamstead in order to negotiate with "William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve and all the burghesses within London"?

So step by step the London Museum is arranged to take the visitor through London's history. In the basement are several excellent models of old London streets and buildings. There are Old St. Paul's in 1560, Cheapside in 1580, and several other reproductions of the city that is no more. There are numerous pictures and photographs of London buildings that have been taken down. For many years the London County Council, to its lasting credit, has been careful to photograph buildings, doorways, staircases, etc., of interesting buildings which have had to give way to the needs of modern times. Here, too, are an old velocipede, the window of a Georgian toy-shop, a model of a mail-coach of 1836, the Jerningham collec-

tion of prints of London's parks, relics of old Newgate, and a real debtor's cell. Note also the Roman boat which was found when the site of the New County Hall at Lambeth was being cleared, and round which Gomme in his enthusiasm wove a good deal of rather unconvincing history. The top-floor holds a collection of exhibits which, happily, are no longer topical. They illustrate London in war time with recruiting posters, air-raid signals, and uniforms worn by women omnibus conductors. It is here, if anywhere, that the much-worn Londoner to-day can convince himself that the war is really over.

We have said enough, we hope, to bring a sense of shame to those who have never paid a visit to London's own museum. Those who wish to derive full benefit from such a visit should take with them Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton's excellent book 'The London Museum.' Whoever goes to Lancaster House must, if there is a soul at all within him, come out feeling glad that London has this fine record of its life, and grateful to those who laboured to create it. And if he be a Londoner, he should there and then resolve henceforth to be interested in London, and always to vote in a London Municipal Election.

THE MANNERS OF TO-DAY.

ACCORDING to Emerson, "When half-gods go, the gods arrive." Assured frequently that the war has put out of date many of the institutions in which we used to believe, we rather wonder what has taken their place. We discover that several virtues of the old-fashioned and commonplace sort which had their uses have disappeared from the mental make-up of a young and presumably brilliant generation. Courtesy, punctuality, attention to engagements, the mere answering of a letter—these things used to be expected from us by our elders. Now we arrange, say, a dinner, to introduce a young man to somebody he wishes to meet; he accepts the invitation with as much thanks as the present generation can allow itself to offer; and, when the day comes, fails to appear altogether. No apology or explanation follows; and we can only conclude that a subsequent engagement is regarded as more lucrative or entertaining. Or he simply forgets about the whole affair from lack of interest. Again, we ask one of our youngers and betters to do a particular thing for us within a certain time; and he does it, if at all, some weeks later, when we have given up the prospect of seeing his work, and do not want it. It does not matter in the least if we have put ourselves out to serve him: he is not going to bother to serve us, if he has some more agreeable means of spending or wasting his time. These casual ways lead to casualties, and a man, old or young, must be a genius, or a fairly indispensable person, to be tolerated on these terms. If young London is going to do work in this way, and lavish on what we may call business friends the rudeness commonly confined to relatives, the advent of the New Zealander who is going to gaze on the ruins of London will be sensibly accelerated. Some attention to the claims of age and experience might pay even the gay young man who is prepared to shout down an expert, and lecture a busy man for hours on end. We are aware, of course, that the model of the present age is the young man who was asked if he could play the violin, and said that he could not, but would try; but gifted amateurs might realise more frequently that they are sources of irritation, a feeling which does no good to anybody. Manners are gone for the moment, and openly scouted by the horde of persons who are advertised in the popular press as representing society, and photographed, and interviewed, and led to say silly things on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. But manners are in themselves a good means of advancement in life, alike among swindlers and honest men, arrivists and statesmen. It does not seem as yet necessary or advisable to dote on incivility and procrastination as sure signs of genius, or as graceful eccentricities, to be ranked with the musician's long hair and the atheist's velvet coat.

These new incivilities, like the now commonly accepted practices of thieving and murder, are mainly due to the influence of the war. It was reasonable to suppose that after years of intense strain, both at home and abroad, people would let themselves go, and forget the rules and restraints of a decent civilisation. We expected them to enjoy themselves in the crudest manner—a task in which they were assisted by our theatre managers—and without thought of the future to indulge in that streak of indolence which belongs to most of us. This we expected for a year after the Armistice; but the years lengthen; and there is no bracing up of resolution to work, no improvement in manners, no proper sense of keeping an engagement. *Vogue la galère*: let the bark swim whither the tides or winds may carry it, till it is lost on the rocks, or an expensive effort must be made to get off the fragments of it. This policy, or lack of policy, seems to be popular in national affairs. But will it really do? Vagueness and infirmity of purpose seem—in spite of the heroic efforts of Mr. Pelman—to be rotting the country. This is due in great measure to the fact that some of the loudest and most influential voices of to-day are those of the uneducated. Educated persons have some sort of principles and ideals, some fixity of purpose, even a conception of duty. They know more or less what they want, and that work worth doing is worth some sacrifice. They know that their own advancement is not the only thing worth considering. They do not take one view on Monday, another on Tuesday, and yet another on Wednesday. They are incapable of wobbling like our "great" newspapers. They can give better reasons for their preferences than personal spite or private pique. It is the business of the educated to give the vulgar a lead to well-considered judgment and some other ideal than that of selfishness; to show them that manners, though possibly not so immediately lucrative in the world of to-day as self-advertisement and self-seeking, are still worth something. The young men whose vague and casual ways we have been considering above are educated. That is why, in spite of the war, they should know better. They ought to be able to think, to ask themselves definitely whether vagueness and sheer rudeness are worth while. An unexamined life, said Plato, is not livable. The shallow and untidy minds of the uneducated examine only records of sport; they have no standard code of manners or language, morals or duty. They can be almost as rude as the loudest Labour M.P. in the House of Commons. But the educated—surely they might endeavour, though strong in all the infallibility of youth, to do a little more justice to their training. As officers, they won in the war the affection of their soldiers. To-day they can lead the rising democracy, if they choose; but they must retain or recover the qualities which put them above it.

THE DREAM-CITY.

On a dream-hill we'll build our city,
And we'll build gates that have two keys,
Love to let in the vanquished, and pity
To close the locks that shelter these.

There will be quiet open spaces,
And shady towers sweet with bells,
And quiet folks with quiet faces
Walking among these miracles.

There'll be a London Square in Maytime,
With London lilacs, whose brave light
Startles with coloured lamps the daytime,
With sudden scented wings the night.

A silent Square, could but a lonely
Thrush on the lilacs bear to cease
His song, and no sound else save only
The traffic of the heart at peace.

And we will have a river painted
With the dawn's wistful stratagems
Of dusted gold and night acquainted
With the long purples of the Thames.

Not East the large untroubled motion
Of water marches, but at rest
The soul released attains the ocean
And the lost islands of the West.

And we will have—oh, yes! the gardens
Kensington, Richmond Hill and Kew,
And Hampton, where winter scolds and pardons
The first white crocus breaking through.

And where the great their greatness squander,
And while the wise their wisdom lose,
Squirrels will leap and deer will wander
Gracefully down the avenues.

H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

CONSERVATIVES AND THE COALITION.

SIR,—I observe that last Saturday Lord Derby was describing Conservatism as the backbone of the country, and saying of the Premier, "Have not we taken in Mr. Lloyd George, or has he taken us in?" This was received with cheers and laughter. But many Conservatives see no reason to laugh, for they have a shrewd suspicion that, if Mr. Lloyd George has not taken them in, he will pretty soon. Apparently the Party cannot do without him, and he cannot do without the Party. This is not the kind of alliance which suggests conviction or affection. The Premier not so long since was a factious Liberal, and Heaven knows what he is now—I don't. As Slender says in the 'Merry Wives,' "If there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance." We all know that the Premier is very clever; but that is not the quality which the backbone of England admires in Lord Derby or other representatives (if any) of sound Conservative principles. What does the Premier wish to conserve except his own place and power? His devotion to the Constitution does not appear to have been excessive of recent years, and, while he may hold records as a pace-maker, as a peace-maker, he is up-to-date a disastrous failure. Versailles and Ireland—these two words are sufficient: both spell muddles which have cost this country a good deal, and are going to cost it more. The mining imbroglio nobody, I suppose, could have fixed up; but having established a reputation for intervening as a Heaven-born deviser of successful impromptus at the eleventh hour, Mr. Lloyd George will lose a little of his glamour by his failure this time. A statesman of experience might have seen and known what was coming, but the penalty we pay for the delight of these dramatic interventions appears to be indifference to any forethought of their possibility.

A VOTER.

TREATING WITH SINN FEIN.

SIR,—May I, as one who has lived in Ireland all my life, be permitted to say a few words on this subject. Many people in England cannot understand the cause of the extreme bitterness of feeling on the part of a certain section of the Irish. One reason, and the chief one is that hatred to England and everything English, and, indeed, I may say, an unreasoning hatred to Protestantism, is taught to the children in the Roman Catholic schools. Anyone who is in daily touch with these people will tell you how often they have heard children of only five or six years of age, repeating things which they have been taught at school, and which show the character of their teaching.

Then again, the Catholic seminaries and colleges are, for the most part, hot-beds of rebellion against the "powers that be," and of dislike to everything English, as well as everything that savours of Protestant doctrines or ideals. Unquestionably the present state of things in this country leads to a lowering of the moral standard of right and wrong: the very atmosphere of murder and cruelties in which we live is destructive of a proper state of the public conscience. How otherwise can you account for men going to Mass on Sunday, and then going straight off and committing

murder? Is there any semblance of Biblical Christianity in such a proceeding? Certainly there is not.

DUBLINER.

COL. GRETTON'S LICENSING BILL.

SIR,—You were good enough last year to publish a few remarks of mine in answer to another correspondent, in which I strongly advocated the improvement of our public-houses, as more likely to promote the cause of real temperance than any panic legislation or prohibition would be likely to do.

Having now had the opportunity of looking through Col. Gretton's new Licensing Bill, it seems to me to be one that all classes and shades of opinion might very well combine to support.

Included in it are the following excellent points, amongst others:—

- (1) It is a real attempt to achieve the improvement of refreshment and recreation, which has on many occasions hitherto been held up by the Licensing Authorities—this latter opposition now being ruled out, so long as the proposals are satisfactory.
- (2) It makes it an offence for a license holder to refuse to supply suitable refreshments other than intoxicating liquor. How often have we in the past been refused a cup of tea at a country inn!
- (3) Heavier punishments for drunkenness are imposed.
- (4) The present unreasonable restrictions as to hours of opening are improved, and though the hours are thus slightly increased, they by no means go back to the old pre-war length—which no one wants—least of all the license-holders themselves.

Of course, there may be points in the Bill which are controversial, and no doubt it could be improved by discussion in the House; but as a basis for an all-round settlement by consent, I do not think it can be beaten, and I hope the public will do their best to influence their Members to support it, when it next appears in the House of Commons.

ARTHUR RAYMOND.

SIR,—May I, through the medium of your journal, appeal to women voters to ask their members to give favourable consideration to Col. Gretton's Licensing Bill?

There is not much doubt that the average person is somewhat tired of having his personal freedom curtailed by the unsatisfactory and temporary position created by war-time legislation. Although this Bill emanates from the "trade," that is no reason why, if it is good, it should be refused consideration, and most people will probably think it is good. There are several excellent proposals, as, for example, the proposal to restore reasonable hours of public refreshment, while avoiding the very long hours of pre-war days. Or the proposals for improving public-houses; this is probably the part of the Bill which will excite the great public interest, as it is proposed to transform the public-house from its present condition into a pleasant reputable place of general public refreshment. These proposals, I would respectfully suggest, might be strengthened by the adoption of the similar proposals of the True Temperance Association's Public-house Improvement Bill, which gives encouragement to public-house reform by awarding special privileges to houses which attain a substantial standard of reform, and so earn an Improved Public-house Certificate.

Of course, the Bill, like other Bills, might be improved, but it would seem to be worth giving a second reading, and then the House can settle down to make any desired improvements in Committee.

M. M. WHITON,

Secretary, Women's True Temperance Committee.

Donington House,
Norfolk Street,
Strand, W.C.2.

LONDON AND PARIS THEATRES.

SIR,—Your dramatic critic lately quoted a French critic as saying that the comedy of manners is at present more delicately acted on the London stage than on that of Paris. Such may be the case. My own experience is insufficient to establish a comparison. But speaking of acting in general, I think our stage has little to boast of, compared with that of Paris, and our audiences still less. During a recent stay in the French capital, I spent several evenings at the Comédie Française, and others at the Odéon, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, and the Vieux Colombier, and in all I found incomparably better elocution than in any London theatre I can name. Neither did I see anything so crude as the acting which Miss Maire O'Neill is now giving in 'The White-Headed Boy' at the Ambassadors, or Miss James in 'The Great Lover' at the Shaftesbury. And everywhere I found audiences listening intelligently, laughing in the right place, and never in the wrong, and listening to the incidental music with an attention which compared most strikingly with the barbarous neglect which our audiences exhibit, even in theatres where the music is well worth listening to, as at the St. Martin's and the Court. Neither did I see in any theatre in Paris the idiotic, mechanical, repeated liftings of the curtain at the end of each act which, to thoughtful spectators, causes our English actors to cut so ridiculous a figure night after night. In Paris the curtain is only lifted on the demand of the audience. As a rule, it goes up once, and the artists bow courteously. Here it goes up again and again as long as one person (perhaps a theatre official) continues clapping, and the actors stand glaring in front of them. We can here and there show subtle and delicate work, and in all matters of *mise-en-scène* the London comedy-stage is ahead of the French; but in a general artistic comparison many people must still feel that the theatre is more respected in Paris than in London, and that, on the whole, it deserves to be so respected.

A PLAYGOER.

THE USE OF REVIEWS.

SIR,—Your somewhat cynical article on 'The Use of Reviews' had, I daresay, a good deal of truth in it. Busy men to-day have no time to read books, but like to pretend that they have read them. I doubt, however, if they always, or indeed, often, go by reviews in choosing books to read. I fancy that they prefer to follow the advice of a competent friend, who, they are aware, has no axe to grind, and probably knows their taste in reading. Most people nowadays read a lot of papers—daily and weekly—and must be fairly confused if they seek to get any definite judgment out of the crowd of different views put before them.

Of course, it is true and worth emphasizing nowadays that the critics entitled to judge have an influence on the success of a book. That is—they can hasten or retard a reputation. But I do not think they can make one without the aid of the public, which is the ultimate judge; and notorious failures of judgment, such as that recently quoted of Macaulay, may well make the average man shy of the critics. There are cases of books which have established themselves, not as "best sellers," but as things of permanent worth without any helping hand from the critics. Thus 'The Martyrdom of Man,' which is one of the most brilliant pieces of history I have ever read, reached its eighteenth edition in 1910. Mr. F. Legge in his interesting introduction to it explains that the author, Winwood Reade, wished to write a 'History of the World,' and it is quite likely that Mr. Wells may have got a hint for his 'History' from him. Reade had an admirable style, but he was a determined enemy of Christianity, and in consequence this book received in the early seventies hardly a good word from any of the critics. The *Times*, *Spectator*, and *Academy* refused to notice it. The *Athenæum* called it thoroughly worthless. But the *Saturday Review*, while stigmatising in strong terms its attacks on religion, gave, says Mr. Legge, "a long and, in some respects, not unfair article" to it. I venture to think to-day that readers who do not know it may find it preferable to the

'History' of Mr. Wells, or at least, in spite of some defects due to the inadequate knowledge of the day, a book of striking power and sound information. Reade made three predictions of future inventions: (1) the discovery of a motive force which will take the place of steam with its cumbrous fuel of oil or coal; (2) aerial locomotion; (3) the manufacture of flesh and flour from the elements by a chemical process in the laboratory, similar to that which is now performed within the bodies of the animals and plants. Of this "wild stuff," as it was called in the seventies, two-thirds have already been accomplished.

OLD PEN.

MILITARY TITLES.

SIR,—The authorities have distributed generously to persons who have never been in the fighting line, and in some cases never out of England, the titles of Major, Colonel, Captain, etc. Surely it would be well if the persons so distinguished had the good taste not to insist on their rank, indeed, ask their friends and acquaintance to drop it. Soldiers who *have* fought in the war are not keen, I notice, on retaining their military honours. And these stay-at-home Colonels and their like ought to perceive that it pains those who have lost their nearest and dearest in the desperate fight to see them parading their idle and unnecessary honours, and using them for commercial purposes. The thing is almost as offensive to some of us as the horde of O.B.E.'s. Of course, there are many persons greedy for any distinction, whether they deserve it or not; but I hope that even in the age of Harmsworth and self-advertisement, the best part of the English people retains some sense of modesty, and some real feeling for those who have suffered most in the war.

ENGLISHMAN.

THE COASTGUARD.

SIR,—In your issue of 9th April, you say "The Coastguard is a farce." Locally, he is a low comedian. Here is a true story. A sailing boat was upset and a party of half a dozen men and women found themselves in extreme danger, though not much more than a mile from shore in a calm sea and on a clear day. A boy ashore noticed something and had the sense to get a telescope and look and saw the upturned boat and men and women clinging to it. He went at once to the Coastguard. "Ah," said one guardian, "I did see summat, but I thought it was a dead 'orse!"

But for the boy and a gallant girl who swam ashore against the tide to get help, the farce would have been a terrible tragedy, as the other five were two hours in the water before they were rescued.

SOUTH COAST.

'THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.'

SIR,—I was looking over an old copy of the *REVIEW* (13 June, 1891), and I came across a review of Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian.' The reviewer opens his remarks by saying, "Meredith we know, and Besant we know, but who is Sir Walter Scott? A baronetage throws no light on what we must assume to be a *nom de guerre*."

Is it troubling you too much to ask you what is the point of this? Is it a review that appeared when the novel in question was published?

[Clearly our correspondent has not read the notice in question with any care. The reviewer has taken a sixpenny edition of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' and pretended that it is a new book by an author who is imitating Stevenson, and has taken hints from George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser.—Ed. S.R.]

JOHNSON AND THE ACTOR.

SIR,—In your clever article entitled 'Merely Players,' you refer to Dr. Johnson's scorn of Davies, the actor. The passage is, indeed, familiar, but Johnson's attitude is not commonly appreciated, though it

is explained, if I remember right, by so eminent a critic as Sir Walter Raleigh.

Johnson objected to the display of the emotions. His own seldom, for instance, appear nakedly in his writings, which are draped in his elaborately balanced and polysyllabic sentences. When he is really moved, as in his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, or in other private letters recording deep emotional experiences, he writes a series of short sentences which resemble his talk at its most vivid. He did not like to be moved by mimic passion. He might, in fact, have echoed the remark of Hamlet, "S-blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" This is, or was, a thoroughly English habit of mind; and I remember that your excellent dramatic critic some while since quoted this very remark of Hamlet, when he was considering one of Sir James Barrie's plays. Some of us do not feel comfortable when Sir James attacks our emotions. I think also that the average Englishman is a little apt to be ashamed of himself when he dresses up and pretends to be somebody else—that is, when he is past the nursery, where imagination reigns so wonderfully. Of course, when he is once an established actor, his conceit carries him through everything; and he generally needs some such reduction of his claims to greatness as Socrates applied to the rhapsodist Ion in the Platonic dialogue of that name. W. H. J.

"KNOCK-OUTS" ON A LARGE SCALE.

SIR,—You have condemned the "knock-outs" which take place at sales of furniture and works of art. In the *Times* City Notes of April 13th, reference is made to the Government's decision to revert to the tender system of selling Treasury Bills, and it is stated that "the market will, as before the war, agree to form a syndicate for the purpose of fixing the price at which Bills will be tendered for." Here we have a "knock-out" among the great banks and financial houses against the sellers of Treasury Bills, viz., the Government! But the bankers have for long in the past maintained a "knock-out" against the public, in that they combine among themselves to fix the rate of interest beyond which they will not pay the public for money left on deposit. There are many more "knock-outs" practised by the Boards of the great banks and financial houses (and even insurance companies, who practise a "knock-out" in the form of an agreed tariff) than by paltry furniture brokers and picture-dealers at auction sales. The auction frequenters deal in sums of tens, or hundreds of pounds, but the banks, financial houses and insurance companies "knock-out" in millions against the public and the Government. The steamship lines, by a "conference" system, "knocked-out" against the public before the war. So do the trade unions always. S.

SOME NEW LONDON STATUARY.

SIR,—It is a little difficult to exactly see Mr. MacKinnon's point in his letter to you on the subject of Mr. Ernest Cole's sculpture on the New County Hall buildings, but if he means that the only point of difference—that he is able to detect—between these groups and the banalities adorning the roof of a certain playhouse is that the former bear the signs of original handicraft and the latter are made by machinery, then I would suggest that the cuckoo and gooseberry experts to whom he appeals will provide him with suitable mental food, though not necessarily connected with the fine arts.

RALPH KNOTT,

Architect to the building.

Adelphi Terrace House, Adelphi.

SEA PIE AND THE NAVY LEAGUE.

SIR,—I have just received a cutting from the *SATURDAY REVIEW* of April 2, on the subject of *Sea Pie*, and stating that you "do not know the Navy League as a charity."

I have not seen the letter which was published from Messrs. Drake, Son, & Parton, but I am writing to say

that our books show that in July, 1917, we received the sum of £1,000, which was equally divided between the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Royal Naval Division Fund and the Navy League Ladies' Emergency Committee. This Committee brought its work to a close on December 31, 1919. It did magnificent work during the War in sending clothing, food, etc., to prisoners of war, etc.—see paragraph 8, page 21 and page 33 of the Annual Report which I enclose herewith.

With regard to your remark as to the "Navy League as a charity," may I call your attention to the article in the same Report on the "Navy League Overseas Relief Fund," and to the Cash Account on page 32? This fund, which was contributed almost entirely by the Dominions and Overseas Branches of the Navy League, has dealt with something like 10,000 cases of relief, especially those cases where relief was required quickly. About £200,000 is now invested in the name of trustees and is being administered to provide education and a start in life to about 1,000 children, which number it is expected to be able to deal with for another nine years. They are the children of members of the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, who suffered in the war.

I may add that the Overseas Relief Fund is earmarked entirely for the purpose for which it was subscribed, and the arrangements for the education of the children have been cordially endorsed by the donors.

It is, of course, quite likely that you have not heard of the work which the Navy League has done, and is doing, with this Fund, and perhaps you will kindly draw attention to it in an early issue to remove any wrong impression which may have been created by your article on the 2nd April.

RONALD A. HOPWOOD,

Rear-Admiral,

General Secretary, The Navy League.

[Our reply to the above is published elsewhere.—Ed. S.R.]

A HUMANITARIAN POPE.

SIR,—The April *Animals' Defender and Zoophilist* has a paragraph on the interest displayed by the present Pope in movements for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

In 1915, letters from the Cardinal Secretary of State conveyed his apostolic blessing to the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Arezzo and Rome.

In 1919, the Pope sent a donation of 1,000 lire to the Society at Rome and, by a letter of the Cardinal Secretary of State to Count della Torre, he signified his approval of a circular to the Italian clergy, "it being their duty to conform to the teachings of the Church and the examples of the Saints in educating minds to sentiments of enlightened gentleness and noble mastery."

In 1920, by a letter from the Cardinal to the President of the Society for the Protection of Animals at Toulon, the Pope conveyed, with his blessing, his heartiest approval of its work, particularly by specifying its efforts against bull-fights."

In this respect, Benedict XV is an improvement on Pius IX, who said that "animals had no rights," an *ipse dixit* which W. T. Stead described in the *Review of Reviews* as "this abominable Pontifical utterance!"

The cruelty to animals in Roman Catholic countries is notorious. A lady who knew from experience told me that if you remonstrate with men who are ill-treating animals in those countries, all they say is, "He isn't a Christian!" Their idea of animals' rights corresponds with Pio Nono's. It is in such countries that the brutifying bull-fight survives as a form of sport.

The attitude of their Sovereign Pontiff will be like a new light dawning upon the minds of the children of his Church, and is likely to go far to improve the Italian callousness towards animal suffering. The person who will ill-treat an animal is certainly not a Christian, whatever religion he professes.

ENGLISHMAN.

REVIEWS

AN INTERPRETATION.

At the Supreme War Council. By Captain Peter E. Wright. Nash. 7s. 6d. net.

THE old diplomacy had its faults, but at least it kept its secrets until the time for their dispassionate review had arrived. We have changed all that; and the Paris Conference had not closed its doors before various minor actors rushed to convey their impressions to print. In the same spirit Captain Peter Wright, after a preliminary fling in *Blackwood*, hastens to reveal the inner workings of the Supreme War Council in a little book. This ex-Interpreter uses a vivacious pen; and his thumbnail sketches of Marshal Foch, modest in his manners, but remorseless in his logic; of General Cadorna, with the shadow of defeat on him, eternally pleading for reinforcements and munitions; and the stolid General Bliss, whom Foch was wont to invoke as "juge de paix" when dispute ran high, are amusing commentary not unlike Swift's annotation of Burnet's 'History of His Own Time.' But, to the present reviewer, Captain Wright's silhouette of Sir William Robertson sitting still under the blow of his supersession as Chief of the General Staff by Sir Henry Wilson is too much in the Peeping Tom manner. A certain measure of respect should be observed in dealing with distinguished soldiers, and his publisher's delighted vaunt that reputations "go down like nine-pins" in Captain Wright's pages invites the easy retort that skittles are played at public-houses.

A good deal of this small volume is devoted to a frontal attack on Colonel Repington, who, to be sure, can scarcely be taken as a model of discretion. But that correspondent was duly fined in a police court for his exuberances, and little purpose is served by hashing up the business afresh with prodigal accusations of treachery and what not. Captain Wright's onslaught on General Maurice, who ruined his career through an overstrained sense of loyalty, is in even worse taste, and when we read that "his effrontery is sublime," the inevitable question occurs, "Whose?" The plain man will probably be content with the conclusion that both the "Westerners," like Col. Repington, and "Easterners," like Mr. Lovat Fraser, were too fond of fighting out their plans of campaign in the Press; he may even go a step further and decide that the replacement of Sir William Robertson by Sir Henry Wilson was to the good, since a mind open to eventualities took the place of an intellect rooted to fixed ideas. Captain Wright, however, is far from content with a moderate judgment of that kind, since he evidently thinks that eminent mankind was created to be divided by him into saints and sinners. His heroes are Marshal Foch and Mr. Lloyd George; the reverse Earl Haig and General Pétain, the Briton standing apparently to the Frenchman in the relation of Faust to Mephistopheles, and being "on a very low plane of human intelligence, as elderly cavalry men sometimes are." It was this pair that thwarted Mr. Lloyd George's plan for the creation of a generalissimo, and killed Marshal Foch's scheme of a General Reserve, by coming to a private arrangement between themselves. These are serious charges to make, and unfortunately, having made them, Captain Wright fails to produce evidence, where evidence is most needed. We are airily referred to the Versailles Registry, which is some way off, or else informed that his word must be taken, because he interpreted a particular document to the Supreme War Council and remembers it from end to end. Can this interpreter interpret aright? Against his dogmatic assertions there stand the facts that his account of the first Battle of the Marne is far from correct, and that he is out in his dates with regard to Sir Henry Wilson's appointment and the Doullens Conference which nominated Marshal Foch to the supreme command.

Strange though it may seem to Captain Wright, Marshal Foch's reputation needs no advertisement from him. His eulogy of Mr. Lloyd George, on the other

hand, has a flaw or two in it that can be detected without much difficulty. The pleasing theory that our modern Chatham was anxious throughout to have Foch placed in supreme control, comes up against a nasty snag in a speech of the Prime Minister's delivered in November, 1917, wherein he declared that he was utterly opposed to the suggestion of a generalissimo, and that it would not work. So the Executive War Council was devised as a compromise, and that, on Captain Wright's own showing, very late in the day, since the Allies were bound to be outnumbered on the Western front in the spring. But a committee of four generals, speaking different languages, is none of the best of devices, and the mere fact that it died when disaster came condemns it, whoever its author may have been. Captain Wright, again, praises the energy with which Mr. Lloyd George hurried reinforcements to the front after General Gough had given way, and no doubt it is in crises of that kind that the Prime Minister is seen at his best. There remains the commonplace thought that prevention is preferable to cure; that Lord Haig had been protesting for months that his line was dangerously weak, but that troops were kept locked up in England in obedience to some invasion scare. To those who will have it that Mr. Lloyd George won the war through his heaven-born sense of strategy, it seems almost blasphemous to suggest that, if he had had his way, there would have been precious little Western front to bolster up. Yet certain passages in Sir George Arthur's 'Life of Lord Kitchener,' convict him of a passionate desire to switch off the bulk of the Expeditionary Force to Salonica or elsewhere, very, very remote from General Ludendorff's concentration. That is the worst of the Celtic imagination, when it ranges over maps full of strange and alluring names.

Such are the views of the present reviewer on questions admittedly difficult and as yet unsolved.

THE FIFTH ARMY.

The Fifth Army in March, 1918. By W. Shaw Sparrow. With an Introduction by General Sir Hubert Gough and 21 maps by the author. Lane. 21s. net.

THE writer of this book has this claim upon our attention, that he presents an introduction from the pen of Sir Hubert Gough, with whom, in duty inseparably bound, the Fifth Army shares its glory and its hard fortune.

In simple and modest language, identifying himself always with his Army, the General tells of the difficulties and dangers of the great struggle in those last days of March, 1918—and claims that truth in due time will correct the mistaken impressions and misrepresentations by reason of which the country failed to realise and appreciate "the splendid valour and great results achieved by the men of the Fifth Army." It was, he claims, the gallant spirit of this Army, that "imposed strategical failure on Ludendorff." "To the Fifth Army fell the rôle of sacrificing itself for the common good in order to gain time for the transfer of the distant reserves to the battlefield"—a sacrifice not to be estimated without careful study of this many-sided problem. British soldiers do not like *la manœuvre en retraite*; and in the spring of 1918 public opinion, in England and France, was in no mood to understand, still less to condone, the strategic necessity of such a manœuvre. "It is always a difficult task, and entails heavy loss on the force to which it is entrusted"; and the force which loses most heavily in such circumstances is always liable to suffer the discredit of defeat, in the opinion of those who are perhaps least qualified to judge—to become the scapegoat of a nation or an alliance.

In this book Mr. Shaw Sparrow examines the conditions and circumstances in which the opposing armies, British and German, prepared for the campaign of 1918; records the main developments, and some particular incidents, of the eight days' battle, as it affected the Third and the Fifth Armies; and studies some of the controversies, military and political,

which have arisen in this connection—for example, the effect of fog on the attack and the defence; the relative importance of the loss of Péronne and of Bapaume; the impressions created by the speeches of Ministers, in and outside the House of Commons. Twenty-one maps, fairly well drawn by the author, make it possible to pursue the complications of the British retirement; and frequent references to Lord Haig's Despatches and Ludendorff's published volumes give a diagnosis of the life-and-death struggle at each stage.

Mr. Shaw Sparrow has taken much time and trouble over his work, as the book shows, and he himself has told us; but in our opinion he has not sufficiently observed the principle which he states in his first chapter, "As often as possible, controversy should be separated from narration." For it cannot be denied that the general treatment of the subject—it is difficult and delicate enough, in all conscience—is controversial rather than historical; and the style, though it has its good points, belongs rather to the pleader than to the historian. It can be dramatic and picturesque, but it tends too much to the familiar and commonplace. "There are laymen who, like myself, would sooner read good books on great battles than most novels." "Are you perplexed by these matters? I am." "Note carefully this fact about storm troops; it is very important."

We are conscious from the very beginning that in his review of the situation and his record of the battle the author is animated by the desire to do justice to the achievement of the Fifth Army. We share that desire in all sincerity, and appreciate the effort which is made to probe the possible origins and occasions of injustice. But it is of no use merely to remedy a particular injustice. "What national justice needs is a court of inquiry which would be evenly fair and thorough towards Byng, Gough, G.H.Q., and the Government." That is true enough; but it is surely too soon after events so controversial to expect the appointment of such a tribunal. And, as the writer reminds us, "The British people, despite their fighting temperament, have little military intuition or judgment, and are apt to attach too much value to deceptive phrases coined by political leaders. But in the long run they are loyal to their men of action, and make ample amends for past unfairness and ingratitude." Great is truth, and some day, we may hope, it will prevail. At present a little of it goes a long way; and there are many who are anxious to discover any adequate justification for the severe losses of the Fifth Army.

A NOTABLE TRIAL.

Trial of Thurtell and Hunt. Edited by Eric R. Watson. William Hodge & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH few of the twenty-six trials now included in the excellent series to which this volume belongs are more entitled to be described as "notable," yet the crime which has served to make the names of Thurtell and Hunt imperishable was, in its main features, one of the most commonplace affairs of its kind. Two dissolute men, frequenters of gambling hells and prize-fights, lured a "sportsman" of a similar type to a lonely cottage in Hertfordshire, and murdered him for the money he carried in his pocket. All the chief figures in the drama belonged, indeed, to the class of adventurers who live by their wits and sometimes die by the hangman's hand. The sordid story has neither the touch of romance, nor the element of mystery to redeem it. It makes interesting reading to-day because it throws a lurid light upon the "sporting circles" of a century ago. But to the good citizens who lived in 1824 such life was familiar enough, and the feverish state of excitement in which they followed the proceedings in the little courthouse at Hertford is rather difficult to account for. Even Sir Walter Scott, journeying home from London, must needs go out of his way to visit the scene of the crime. "Our elegant researches," he writes in his diary, "carried us out of the highway and through a labyrinth of intricate lanes . . . in order to visit Gill's Hill, in Hert-

fordshire, famous for the murder of Mr. Weare." Sir Walter, however, was a great collector of printed trials, and of the rhymes commemorating them, and his "elegant researches" were not, perhaps, without a literary interest.

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

These familiar lines, which probably have served to make the trial of Thurtell and Hunt more famous than anything else connected with it, were, Lockhart tells us, particularly admired by the many-sided Scott.

Nearly everything that makes this trial interesting is incidental. The author of the Waverley Novels is not the only writer who has bestowed a measure of fame upon it. Both Borrow and Hazlitt, through their love of the ring, had some acquaintance with John Thurtell, who at one time was a trainer of "bruisers" in his native Norwich. To the description of one of the most disreputable witnesses at the trial as a man who "always maintained an appearance of respectability and kept a gig," the world is indebted for Carlyle's "gig-mania" and "gig-manity," and for George Eliot's "proud respectability in a gig." This description, however, was applied to William Probert, not, as Carlyle appears to have believed, at the trial of Thurtell and Hunt, at which originally the rogue was one of the accused, but, as the industrious editor has discovered, at a subsequent trial, at which Probert, having escaped the gallows on a charge of murdering a human being, was condemned to death for stealing a horse! Such was the irony of the criminal law in its more brutal days!

Many a layman must have wondered why Mr. Pickwick did not go into the witness-box to deny that he ever promised to marry Mrs. Bardell. The explanation is, of course, that it was not until 1851 that the parties to actions were permitted to give evidence. Some of the readers of this volume may be puzzled to understand why Thurtell and Hunt, though represented by counsel, themselves addressed the jury. Again the stubborn absurdity of legal procedure must be taken into account. Until 1836 counsel for prisoners, though at liberty to cross-examine the Crown witnesses and to argue questions of law, were not allowed to address the jury on behalf of their clients. They had to be content to write the speeches which were spoken from the dock, and to endure the anguish of listening to their polished sentences from most unaccomplished lips. Not that John Thurtell's counsel had much to suffer in this way. The dissolute scoundrel, who possessed a remarkably fine voice, was vain enough to learn by heart all the more ornate passages of the speech prepared for him, and to declaim them in the crowded court in the most approved style. "Trial by newspaper" is often regarded as a modern extension of journalistic enterprise. It existed when Thurtell and Hunt were tried. Most of the public journals of the day printed long accounts of previous criminal doings of the prisoners, and some of them even published a false confession by Hunt while the trial itself was in progress. Though Mr. Justice Park, the fussy little judge who presided at the trial, remarked that "he trembled for the fate of the country," if these pestilential practices were not checked, he appears to have done nothing to discourage them beyond expressing his anxiety for the national welfare. If the Press has not, in every respect, improved, the Bench has, in some ways, grown stronger. Nobody in these days has to tremble for the fate of the country because the judges are slow to protect the course of justice from interference.

WINE AND SONG.

The Poisoner. By Gerald Cumberland. Grant Richards. 9s. net.

M^R. CUMBERLAND made for himself, among all admirers of nervous English, clear sight, and exceptional descriptive power, a reputation by 'Tales of a Cruel Country,' which was not diminished, though

changed in quality, by his book of reminiscences, 'Set Down in Malice.' 'The Poisoner' is equal in quality to the first, in observation to the second. It is the story of a genius, sensitive, creative, flawed and weak on one side only. To the legendary temptations of literary tradition, Women, Wine, and Song, he is responsive, but of women he only demands their motherly side, of song he is a master, of wine in its coarsest form he is a rebellious slave.

The story of Martin Stavar's success and falls is absorbingly interesting, as interesting as it is painful for anyone who has lived to middle age and seen one after another of the heroes of his youth fail under the trials of life, give way to the inevitable consequences of the treacherous allies he had depended on in the hour of strain. We find him first in an interval of reaction—living an almost monastic life of seclusion with a friend of his father's, preparing a new suite for performance at his concert in London. The concert is given, the music is successful—not only in impressing its public, but in impressing the reader. How does the author do it? Perhaps by letting himself go, by just overpassing the limits that the musical critic sets himself in the description of a concert, by the little touches of first-rate observation which are beyond ninety-nine out of every hundred who write about music. Perhaps it is not composer's music; they are a queer folk, composers; but it is listener's and critic's music. Then comes the reaction, the flight into a mere boozier's ken, into pure, besotted wretchedness, the recovery by the aid of an unbelievably fine bad woman, whom we might almost hope to have existed for the exaltation of humanity, the return to shelter—the end. All this is mixed up with a story of heredity, which prepares one for the end without explaining or necessitating it. It is a great book, and puts Mr. Cumberland in the front rank of the serious writers of fiction to-day.

"BOUNTY" BLIGH.

Captain Bligh's Second Voyage to the South Seas.
By Ida Lee. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

CAPTAIN BLIGH'S part in the mutiny of the *Bounty* is of such world-wide notoriety that it has completely overshadowed the rest of a life spent in the service of his country. His adventurous voyage of 3,600 miles in an open boat without charts or compass has prevented the noteworthy voyage of discovery here described from occupying the attention, not only of the ordinary public, but of geographers themselves. Capt. Bligh was fortunate in living when he did. Vast areas of sea and land lay uncharted and unexplored, and almost any voyage to the Antipodes might bring back stories of new lands to add to our knowledge. In our days almost the only field for romantic adventure left open for exploration is the uncharted air, and even this leaves little for a new Ross and Smith to conquer.

Of old Cornish stock, William Bligh was born in 1704, and joined the Royal Navy at an early age. When twenty-three, he went as sailing-master with Cook in the *Resolution*, returning home after an absence of four years to be promoted Lieutenant and put on important surveys for the Admiralty. After some war service he sailed in 1787 in the *Bounty* to collect bread-fruit trees at Tahiti, and returned to England in 1790, after being cast adrift in the ship's boat by the mutineers. In 1791 he was again sent to achieve the object of his previous voyage. After Copenhagen he was publicly thanked by Nelson for his support. In 1811 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in 1814 to that of Vice-Admiral. He died in Bond Street in December, 1817.

Mrs. Lee's book gives a detailed account of Bligh's second voyage taken from his log-books. He sailed in the *Providence* on 12 July, 1791, for Tahiti to collect bread-fruit plants, and take them to the West Indies, also to bring home certain tropical plants for Kew. On his way out he gained new knowledge of Bruni Island, and of the harbours within D'Entrecas-

teaux Strait as yet undiscovered. Gaining the longitude of Tahiti, he proceeded north and discovered the low-lying Tematangi or Bligh's Lagoon Island, described by him as a half-drowned island. After a stay of three months in Matavai Bay (Tahiti) collecting bread-fruit, he made his way to Fiji to survey the discoveries of his earlier voyage, and then wrote the earliest account we have of the natives of Fiji, Cook having only mentioned a Fijian seen at Tongataboo. From Fiji the *Providence* and *Assistant* sailed to the northernmost of the New Hebrides on their way through the dangerous Louisiades and into Torres Strait by the best approach to the North-East Channel, known as Bligh's Entrance. Leaving Torres Strait by Bligh Channel they proceeded to Timor, then round the Cape of Good Hope without calling at any port until St. Helena was reached in December, 1792. Here Bligh left some of the bread-fruit plants with the Governor and sailed for St. Vincent, where he landed plants and received those intended for Kew Gardens. Bligh's task of conveying bread-fruit to Jamaica was successfully accomplished in February, 1793. The natives declared that they disliked the flavour of the plant, and preferred the plaintain, though the bread-fruit had been imported on the petition of the West Indian merchants to George III. Besides bread-fruit, Bligh brought home with him mangoes, betel nut, and a dozen other tropical plants, some of which were of considerable value.

A well-written chapter on the mutiny of the *Bounty* tells again the oft-told tale of daring navigation, unflinching courage, and cheerfulness in the most trying circumstances; what has never been fully recognized is Bligh's constant thought for his companions. The book contains charts of Bligh's Island (Fiji) and the Islands North of the New Hebrides, a survey of the Straits between New Holland and New Guinea (Torres Strait), and sketches by Lieutenant Tobin, who accompanied Captain Bligh on his voyage. To conclude all, there is a good index.

THE TURK AS IDEAL.

The Early Hours. By Marmaduke Pickthall. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

TO write a good book there are only two possible attitudes towards your subject; you must love it thoroughly, or you must detest it and let yourself go; and of these, given any knowledge of your craft, the first is preferable. It has long been a matter of common knowledge among the competent that Mr. Pickthall could write, and those of the class of discerning readers have noted that he had an uncommonly close knowledge of the Mohammedan mind. He seems to have been nurtured on the traditional English belief that the Turk is a born gentleman, and closer acquaintance with him has not dispelled that idea. Perhaps it is true, for the Turkish functionary is rarely a pure-blooded Turk, but a mixture of Armenian, Greek, and Georgian, in which the survival of the fittest has often brought into being a singularly able and detestable individual.

Camraddin, the hero of the book, is a pure Turk, too modest in station to be of the mixed blood of the seraglios. He has served in the army, and is now at home near Salonica, when he is suddenly caught up into the whirlwind of politics by finding a wounded officer on the roadside and taking a message for him to Istamboul. He joins the young Turks; is victorious with them; finds a way to fortune; and suffers in his turn from the detestable cruelty of Bulgars and Greeks, winning his way at last to shelter.

The book is written from within, as far as any English-born man can enter into the Mongol-Islam mind. It is written with sympathy, with no bias against England for her desertion, as it appears to Mr. Pickthall, of her Turkish friends, and with a feeling for the country, its people, and its religion which no other living Englishman could express. It is a perfect picture of the man he set out to describe.

MUSIC NOTES

THE EXCESSIVE MENTAL ANALYSIS OF MUSIC.—Whither are our musical guides and philosophers leading a puzzled public? Do they themselves know? To the impartial student who happens to be an omnivorous reader of everything that concerns this art, it would really seem that the needle of the common compass no longer points true north; and if we do not keep a very careful look-out, there may be danger of our soon being on the rocks. Speaking quite dispassionately, we think that more than half the articles and criticisms dealing with music in the daily and weekly journals are completely above the heads of ordinary musical readers. The latter might not be willing to admit it; but their attitude in the concert-room, their obvious lack of discernment, their habit of applauding noisily in and out of season proves it. They are being over-educated in the art of listening. They are told that they must hear everything, and by degrees they are getting to hear so much that their powers of absorption and analysis are becoming overstrained. In the classics they are mentally to perceive things that the composer never dreamed of; in the output of the modern schools their ears are so preoccupied with questions of technique, harmonic structure, dramatic import, and so forth, that they have not time to consider whether the music be enriched with beauty, symmetry, coherence or real depth of expression. There is nothing new about the function of teaching ignorant audiences how to understand and appreciate good music, that is, with the aid of the eye as well as the ear. The cheap oratorio and opera scores of Messrs. Novello, Boosey, and Chappell paved the way in the first instance. Later—that is, some sixty years ago—analytical programmes came into use at the concerts of the Musical Union and the Monday "Pops," and their value for instructing the uninitiated in simple English concerning the various forms of the sonata and quartet could not have been overrated. The famous notes written by Sir George Grove to elucidate the Beethoven symphonies and orchestral music generally at the Crystal Palace were an education in themselves. Criticism followed on the same straightforward lines; and if it did not accomplish all it might have done to whet the taste for the rising modern development, it could at least be read without leaving behind it a sense of confused ideas, problems unsolved, and a terminology beyond the grasp of the trained specialist. The analytical notes provided, as a rule, in the concert programmes of to-day commit the same error of taking it for granted that concert-goers know more than they do; they presuppose a technical education that comprises familiarity with all the classics and ability to dispense with any guidance about musical form (where it exists) or thematic treatment (where definite themes are scientifically handled). The main concern of contemporary musical writers is with the psychological aspect of a new work, its inner meaning, the composer's point of view, in what manner and to what extent the details of the score set bygone traditions most completely at defiance, thereby achieving the kind of newness which is now proclaimed as the highest evidence of originality. In this way the appreciation of music must become a purely mental process, a detached and impersonal act, without reference to the emotional side, or aught in the nature of mere sentiment. Can such be the goal towards which modern tendencies are to lead? It may be. But we cannot believe that it will attract more than a small minority. The big public which now exists for good music of every class will continue to demand what it can understand and enjoy, whether of native or foreign origin. The earnest amateur may be puzzled by what he reads about music; but when he goes to hear an orchestra or a chamber quartet, he will not, if he be wise, assume a mental pose, or lavish his applause upon things beyond his comprehension. After all—as every true music lover fervently hopes—the craze of the moment may before long prove to have been no more than a passing phase in the development of a great art.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.—The London Symphony Orchestra seemed thoroughly at home on Monday evening in a scheme limited to what Hans Richter used to call the "three B's"—e.g., Bach, Beethoven and Brahms—represented respectively by the third Brandenburg concerto; the 'Egmont' overture and 'Emperor' concerto; and the Cambridge symphony in C, No. 1. Each work in turn brought forth some fine playing, reflecting the greater credit upon the players because of its familiarity, which may have been intentional, owing to the absence until the last moment of the ubiquitous Mr. Coates, conducting orchestras in various alien capitals for the benefit of this "mission" or that. Nevertheless, another good rehearsal might have established closer unity of idea and purpose between the L.S.O. and Mr. Siloti, whose reading of the "Emperor" otherwise lacked neither breadth nor brilliancy. It was curious to compare the methods of the Russian pianist, all life and energy, with those of Mr. Lamond, who on the previous Saturday had played the same ugly 'Todtentanz' of Liszt which Mr. Siloti gave us twice over not many weeks back. But, truth to tell, there could be no comparison. Novelty was likewise absent from Sir Henry Wood's programme at the regular Queen's Hall concert, though here would perhaps have been a more suitable milieu than Miss Ethel Frank's concert earlier in the week for the first performance of Busoni's 'Rondeau Arlequinnesque.' A caricature of the grotesque, an exaggeration of distorted musical effects, a climax of orchestral cubism—such is the verdict which even advanced criticism seems content to bestow upon Busoni's latest effusion. Among successful recitals recently may be mentioned those of Miss Amy Deakin, who sings florid music with exceptional ease and flexibility; and Miss Winifred Fisher, who on Tuesday joined with Mr. Cyril Lidington, and especially distinguished herself in a group of folk-songs and traditional airs.

QUARTERLIES

SCIENCE PROGRESS, in addition to its valuable summaries of recent advances in science, contains articles by Mr. Keen on 'The Physical Investigation of Soil' (which is very important in view of the use of mechanical traction in farming), 'Sex Heredity,' with especial reference to the numerical inequality between the sexes, by Mr. Parker, and by Dr. Ellen Delf on 'Cooking and Vitamines,' which shows the danger of over-cooking vegetables in stews, etc. Father Cortie has an excellent study on 'New Stars,' R. R. revolts against reformed spelling in 'Dikinz Drops is Eitchiz,' Mr. Mordell writes on some 'Highways and Byways in the Theory of Numbers'; and the reviews are as good as we expect them to be—that is, first-rate. Everyone with the slightest interest in science should support this excellent review.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL contains two papers of the first importance; a description with photographs by Mr. F. C. Cornell of 'The Lower Reaches of the Orange River,' and an account by Comr. Gould of 'The History of the Chronometer,' in addition to a memoir of Burton by Prof. Sayce, and an account of the details of the Mt. Everest expedition. Mr. Cornell's paper gives some idea of the utter desolation of the hideous country through which the Orange River flows, while Commander Gould throws some light on the literary education of a first-class man of science by remarking of Whiston, "now only remembered as the subject of a coarse poem by Swift." It is all to the good that even the addenda to Swift are read, but most of us remember Whiston for a translation of Josephus, which has held the field for a century and a half, as the first popular lecturer on science who showed experiments, and as the author of one of the most entertaining books of Memoirs in the English eighteenth century. After all, the successor of Newton at Cambridge must be admitted to be somebody in the eyes of a mathematician.

THE SCOTTISH HISTORICAL REVIEW contains articles by Prof. Hannay 'On Parliament and General Council,' by Mr. Walter Seton on 'The Stuart Papers at Windsor Castle,' by Prof. Craigie on 'Scottish Biblical Inscriptions in France,' by Dr. Murray on 'Ninian Campbell on Kilmaccolm,' and by Mr. S. N. Miller on 'Samian Ware and the Chronology of the Roman Occupation.' The last is provoked by the 'Terra Sigillata' of Messrs. Oswald and Price, concerning the date of the Newstead occupation. Mr. Seton works out some obscure points in the history of the Waters Collection, one of the two sources from which the Stuart Papers are derived. Prof. Hannay is rightly discontented with the notion that the Scottish Parliamentary Institutions are derived from Paris models, but why has he not examined Mr. Steele's theory in 'Tudor and Stuart Proclamations'? The Parliamentary Institutions of England, Scotland, and Ireland are all on the same general lines. The "Great Council" of England, the "General Council," and later the "Convention" of Scotland, and the "Great Council" of Ireland are *mutatis mutandis* precisely similar, as shown amongst other things by their powers, methods of summons, and entry of proceedings in the Privy Council Register, while the Privy Councils in each case are markedly similar. The paper at present is a collection of facts without the central thought which keeps them together.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Next week Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Monday and the two following days a collection of books with a few manuscripts including first editions of the 'Faerie Queene,' 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Gulliver's Travels,' a small library of books relating to Ballooning and Aeronautics, and some fine books on Mountaineering. Among the others we notice particularly a manuscript Horae on vellum with woodcut borders and six full-page woodcuts which may turn out to be very rare, a number of early English Bibles and Testaments, an illuminated Horae printed on vellum. A number of Kelmscott books, including the rare 'Defence of Guenevere'; some Vale, Eragry and Doves books, the very rare set of forty-four impressions from the woodblocks engraved by William Morris and his friends for a 'Cupid and Psyche'; Blake's Job (1825); a copy of Breydenbach in Spanish, which belonged to the son of Columbus; a good collection of Borrow, all first editions; and some presentation copies by Dickens and Thackeray are also to be sold.

BD

IF YOU WERE ILL

OR MET WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Everyone who studies his own interest should send to-day for full particulars of a series of attractive insurances issued by the 'British Dominions' at moderate rates, providing for liberal benefits in the event of fatal or other accidents and most forms of serious disease and illness. Please ask for 'Accident, Sickness and Disease Insurance' Prospectus.

EAGLE STAR & CO.

BRITISH DOMINIONS

INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

Head Office: British Dominions House,
Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C.3.

ASSETS EXCEED £19,000,000

SPORT

ENGLISH and foreign champions alike failed to qualify among the last four who fought out the golf tournament at Roehampton. Duncan and Mitchell were both out of form, but an old champion in the person of J. H. Taylor was too much in the final for Ockenden, a rising young player who beat Duncan and Braid last year at Mid-Surrey. Taylor is over fifty, and spoke of retiring from match play when he last tackled the heroic hitting required at the Westward Ho course. Roehampton is nothing like so formidable in length, and Taylor's approaching, which has always been his strong point, was deadly, alike with the mashie and the spoon. Ockenden, with 70 and 69 in the qualifying competition, played fine golf, and looks like the most serious competitor in the future for the honours which generally fall to Duncan and Mitchell.

Miss Alexa Stirling, the lady champion of the United States, has now begun to play in English matches, and this week scored a 72 at Ranelagh with Miss Leitch and Miss E. Grant Suttie. This course is, on the whole, short and easy, if one can resist the fascination of getting into water. Previously in a mixed match Miss Stirling began well and fell off. She has any amount of irons in her bag, and a good knowledge of the game; but she does not appear to possess the strength of Miss Leitch, which is bound to tell on a long and severe course.

Without a break the Two Thousand Guineas has been contested since 1809, the sister race, the One Thousand, having come five years later. It can only be hoped that the celebrations arranged for the 27th and 29th of the present month will not have to be abandoned; but hopes and probabilities seem to clash. Leighton's name is not found in the entry for the Two Thousand; he is favourite for the Derby in such mild betting as has been quoted, and the latter event will be rendered more interesting by the colt's absence from the Newmarket classic. The belief in him, it may be observed, is not due to what he did as a two-year-old, notwithstanding the fact that he won all the four races for which he started. He encountered poor opponents, but has greatly distinguished himself in private gallops. His name, like those of Humorist, Polemarch, and Craig an Eran, is likely to become familiar.

As racing is off for awhile, the Jockey Club and other authorities might employ their leisure in seeking how to improve it, or rather to improve or eliminate the human animals who take pleasure in it. There really seems no adequate reason why race crowds should require so much shepherding. From 'The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft' we cull the following list of persons engaged by the Executive to ensure order and comfort at a Surrey meeting:—

"14 detectives (racing), 15 detectives (Scotland Yard), 7 police inspectors, 9 police sergeants, 76 police, and a supernumerary contingent of specially selected men from the Army Reserve and the Corps of Commissionaires.

The above force will be employed solely for the purpose of maintaining order and excluding bad characters, etc. They will have the assistance also of a strong force of the Surrey Constabulary." The exclusion of bad characters who are well-known ought to be a matter of course; and if the race-meeting is on an open heath free to all, some legal means should be devised to keep them out. Blackguardism of a violent kind is getting far too common.

On Monday, Mr. Bottomley, as responsible for the inception of a Derby Sweepstake last year of £100,000, was ordered by Mr. Justice Bailhache in the King's Bench Division to pay a fine of £50 and costs.

He was charged under the Lotteries Act of 1836, and this case was the only one out of three in which conviction was secured. While we do not see that patriotism is to be ranked as the first refuge of a gamester, as well as the last of a scoundrel, it is clear that some definite ruling and consistent practice in the application of the Act in question would only be fair to the community. Is the law going to leave undisturbed the license allowed in war-time, or not?

The Final Tie for the Association Cup comes off this Saturday, and the Chelsea ground, which, we learn, has recently increased its seating accommodation, will be crowded with 85,000 or so. Tottenham Hotspur should beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers by a small margin, and they are good cup-tie fighters; but nothing is certain on these final occasions, except that the referee's whistle will blow far more often than it should, if the game were played properly. There is seldom any good football of a consistent sort to be seen among players too nervous to do themselves justice.

A new weekly paper, entirely devoted to cricket, is, we learn, to make its appearance shortly. It will be edited by Mr. Warner, assisted by a large staff of experts, and we wish it success. But the fact remains that handiness with a bat or ball does not imply handiness with a pen; nor do we know how a weekly re-hash of matters with which the daily papers deal exhaustively can flourish. We trust at all events that it will do something to raise the appallingly low standard of sporting journalism at present in vogue, and will shun clichés, and photographs of famous players with their babies, and much other nonsense nowadays served up as sport.

The final in the singles of the Covered Courts Championship produced one of the most exciting tussles ever seen between Mr. W. C. Crawley and Mr. Lycett. Seventy-seven games were played, and Mr. Lycett, the more enterprising of the two, had the game on his racquet three or four times. He missed his chances, and the consistent returns of Mr. Crawley, who did not attempt so much forcing play, left him fresher to win the fifth set. As challenger, however, he could not beat M. Gobert, though he gave him a fright, and played again with wonderful consistency. The Frenchman had a harder time than last year, when he was obviously in a class by himself, both for grace and effectiveness. In the doubles championship, M. Gobert and Mr. Lycett, obviously overdone by his single, went to five sets with Mr. Davson and Mr. Mavrogordato. The latter was remarkably cool and steady, as he generally is, and won the match for his side. Some of the decisions as to line-balls produced surprise. The authorities should secure more competent umpires who will really attend to the game. The question of foot-faulting has recently been the subject of serious comment.

Some years since we noticed in a little village in Dorset a disused fives court put up by one of the local gentry for the benefit of the parish. Whether the parish ever took to the idea we do not know; but it is one that might well be applied to London. A back wall and two side ones only are needed with a decent flooring. We are not speaking of Eton fives, but of the simpler game without the pepper-box. We wish that some people with a little money to spend would consider this idea during the summer. Fives is a winter game, because it supplies such thorough exercise, more than lawn-tennis or racquets. We have played in a London fives court; but we do not think that there are many of them. And we are convinced that no sport could be more healthful for the man who is increasingly obliged to lead a sedentary life of office work.

S. J. PHILLIPS,
113, New Bond Street,
London, W. 1.

OLD ENGLISH SILVER
OLD FOREIGN SILVER
of every Country.

FINE OLD MINIATURES
and
SNUFF BOXES.

SECOND-HAND PEARLS
and
JEWELS.

Collections, or single articles, bought or valued.

Telephone: MAYFAIR 6261 and 6262.
Telegraph: EUCLASE, WESDO, LONDON.

THE YACHTING MONTHLY



25/- PER ANNUM
POST FREE ANYWHERE

ORDER FROM THE PUBLISHER
9 KING STREET COVENT
GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2

BOOKS, Etc.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Belloc's Book of Bayeux Tapestry, 1913, 10s. 6d.; Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin with intro. by John Drinkwater, 3 vols., 25s.; Maupas-sant's Select Works, 8 vols., £2 2s. od.; Debrett's Peerage 1915, as new, 32s., for 5s.; Sir Walter Besant's 'London,' 10 vols., £12 12s. od.; Ruskin's Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25. Building of Britain and the Empire (Traill's Social England), profusely illus., 6 vols., handsome set, half morocco, £6 6s.; Barrie's Quality Street, Edit. De Luxe, illus. by Hugh Thomson, 30s.; Carmen, illus. by René Bull, Edit. De Luxe, 30s.; Rupert Brooke's John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama, 7s. 6d.; Beardsley Early and Later Works, 2 vols., £2 10s.; Hoppé's Studies from the Russian Ballet, 15 beautiful Studies, 6s., pub. 21s.; Thackeray's Works, 26 vols., Caxton Pub. Co., £4 4s.; Story of the Nations, 65 vols., fine set, £10 10s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

EXHIBITION.

FRIDAY CLUB.
Paintings Drawings Sculpture & Applied Arts
April 4th to 30th (all day Sat.). Admission 1/3d.
MANSARD GALLERY
Heal & Son, Ltd. 195 Tottenham Court Road, W.

TRAVEL.

S MALL PRIVATE CONDUCTED PARTIES now completing for BERNESE OBERLAND, CHAMONIX, FINHAUT, TERRITET, ZERMATT, ITALIAN LAKES and MILAN in July and August. Each party limited to 10 or 12 members. Early booking essential. Full details from TRAVEL, North Syde, West Coker, Yeovil.

PLEASURE TOUR TO THE COLONIES.

A Personally Conducted TOUR of the most interesting parts of SOUTH AFRICA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND, MELBOURNE and SYDNEY, with high-class arrangements throughout.

Cost, inclusive of visits to the principal places of interest and incidental charges, for tour lasting about 28 weeks, £500
LEAVING LAST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

Programme and Particulars of TOURING ASSOCIATION (John Rodger, Secretary), 50, Wodeland Avenue, Guildford, Surrey.

EDUCATIONAL.

PUBLIC SPEAKING (Systematized Course ensuring proficiency); also STAGE and CINEMA Training.—MARION MCCARTHY, 16, Hallam Street, Portland Place, W.1. Gerard 8736.

MUSIC.

QUEEN'S HALL.

FLORA WOODMAN.
TUESDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
Assisted by the
NEW QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.
Conductor - - - SIR HENRY J. WOOD.
Chappell Piano. 12s., 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s., 2s. 4d.
IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1.

WIGMORE HALL.

LAURANCE TURNER.
WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
VIOLIN RECITAL,
Assisted by HARRIET COHEN (Pianoforte).
At the Piano - - - HAROLD CRAXTON.
Chappell Piano. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s.
IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HOMES OF S. BARNABAS.

HE who careth for the Sheep careth also for His aged Shepherds.
We can take 40 Aged or Infirm Priests and give them comfort in a beautiful Home. We have 5 Nurses.

But expenses are very heavy now. Last year they went up by £1,000. Will more of Christ's disciples show that they, too, care for Aged Shepherds?

Contributions gratefully acknowledged by Rev. C. CARRY TAYLOR, Warden Homes of S. Barnabas, Dormans, Surrey.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY

Edited by CAMPBELL DODGSON, C.B.E.

An indispensable magazine for
the print-lover and collector.

VOL. VIII, No. I, the first
issue published in England, is
NOW READY

Annual Subscription, 20s. post free.
(Specimen copy 5/6, post free.)

J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
10-13 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

Bernadotte and Napoleon. By Sir Plunket Barton. Murray : 21s. net.
Napoleon. By Harold F. Wheeler. Harrap : 10s. 6d. net.
The Basque Country. By Katharine Fedden. Painted by Romilly Fedden. Black : 20s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Labour Organisation. By George O'Brien. Methuen : 6s. net.
The Administration of Ireland. By I. O. Allan : 25s. net.
The Elements of Social Science. By R. M. Maciver. Methuen : 6s. net.
The Facts of the Case. By the Editor of *Industrial Peace*. Simpkin : 6s. net.
The Glass of Fashion. By A Gentleman with a Duster. Mills & Boon : 5s. net.

POETRY.

The Death of Orpheus. By Laurence Housman. Sidgwick & Jackson : 5s. net.

FICTION.

A Man may not Marry his Grandmother. By E. Morton Howard. Holden & Hardingham : 7s. 6d. net.
Blind. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan : 8s. 6d. net.
Confidence. By Henry James. Macmillan : 7s. 6d. net.
The Heel of Achilles. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson : 8s. 6d. net.
The Pitcher of Fate. By Iris Marshall. Stanley Paul : 8s. 6d. net.
The Speaking Silence. By Sophie Cole. Mills & Boon : 8s. 6d. net.
The Wreck. By Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan : 8s. 6d. net.
Torchtlight Revolution. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. Dent : 8s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Holidays in Tents. By W. M. Childs. Dent : 6s. net.
Meteorology. By A. E. M. Geddes. Blackie : 21s. net.
The Backbone of Africa. By Sir Alfred Sharpe. Witherby : 16s. net.

Macmillan & Co's List

VISCOUNT BRYCE.

MODERN DEMOCRACIES

By the Right Hon. VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M., P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. 50s. net.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE WRECK. A NOVEL.

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

GLIMPSES OF BENGAL:

Selected from the Letters of SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1885 to 1895). Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

LORD TENNYSON'S WORKS.

Messrs Macmillan & Co.'s Editions of Tennyson's Works are the only complete Editions, and contain all the Poems still in copyright. POEMS, Globe Edition, 6s. net. COMPLETE WORKS, Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

* * Catalogue containing complete List of Editions of Lord Tennyson's Works post free on application.

BLIND. A STORY OF THESE TIMES.

By ERNEST POOLE. Author of "The Harbor," &c. Extra Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Eagle, (Brooklyn)—"A wonderful book . . . There is not one person who figures in the story who is not possible—the kind of men, women and children we all know—and each one is as sharply drawn as a mountain peak against a clear sky."

The Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments.

(The Newmarch Lectures for 1919.) By SIR JOSIAH STAMP, K.B.E., D.Sc. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

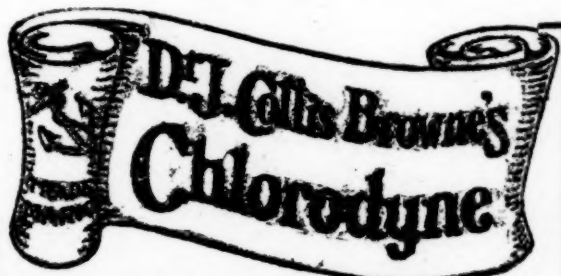
THE SADHU: A Study in Mys- ticism and Practical Religion.

By H. B. STREETER, M.A., Hon. D.D. (Edin.) and A. J. APPASSAMY, M.A. (Harvard). With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

Fijian Society: or the Sociology and Psychology of the Fijians.

By the Rev. W. DEANE, M.A. (Syd.), B.D. (Lond.). Late Principal of the Teachers' Training College, Ndávulévú, Fiji. 8vo. 16s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2



The Reliable Family Medicine
with over 60 Years' Reputation

Always ask for a
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE"

Acts like a Charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and
other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,

A True Palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

R.M.S.P.:P.S.N.C.



TO SOUTH AMERICA

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
18, MOORGATE STREET LONDON, E.C.2
THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GOREE, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

Your family depends upon your income while you live. Why not secure that income for your old age and for your wife after your death by means of a

PRUDENTIAL CONTINUOUS INCOME POLICY?

The Tobacco that inspired Barrie.

Craven

has been the first choice of pipe-smokers the world over since the sixties — it has for sixty years stood as the standard of Tobacco goodness.



Sold in Ordinary and Broad Cut, 2 ozs., 2/5; 4 ozs., 4/10.

Craven
MIXTURE

Also in the famous Baron Cartridges which fill a pipe instantly with every shred of tobacco standing upright in bowl for perfect drawing and burning.

GARRERAS, LTD., ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON, E.C.

The Saturday Review

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

POST FREE:

At Home and Abroad

One Year : £1 10 4
Half Year : 15 2

9 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C. 2.

THE CITY

THE new Indian loan of £7,500,000 offered at par is regarded as another "feeler" to test the state of the loan market. The amount offered is relatively small, and the terms are decidedly attractive; but our readers need no reminder that these are ticklish times for borrowers, and any fresh flare-up of the labour crisis would render capital very shy. Still there is not much doubt, and even if the underwriters had to take up a considerable proportion, it would be readily absorbed by the public in due course, and the investment is one that can be conscientiously recommended to those who are wise enough to make safety their chief consideration. The form of the loan is unexceptionable. Five and ten year bonds, the former redeemable at 102%, and the latter at par, are just what the investor wants nowadays; and he is offered in addition the chance of conversion on liberal terms into India 3% stock, which should automatically improve in value as money becomes cheaper, no possible argument against the issue can be found except the political position in India, which, to speak quite frankly, is viewed with considerable mistrust. If India raises money at 7%, on what terms could the British Government place a loan?

In view of the pending Railway Bill, which is promised as soon as possible, the future of the railways is again arousing considerable discussion. Recently the market has been taking the view that the Bill will be acceptable to the Railway Companies, and that the more objectionable features of the Ministry of Transport's White Paper (Cmd. 787) will be absent therefrom. But as the date of its introduction approaches, a certain amount of hesitation becomes apparent. This can be readily understood, for the concessions required to make the Bill popular with shareholders are substantial indeed. They include the extension of the Government guarantee until the beginning of 1924, the total disappearance of the plan under which the State is to share in any surplus after "some pre-war rate" has been paid on their capital, and the abandonment of the proposal to give the workers a share in the management. The last item alone is sufficient to give rise to furious controversy. If the Companies receive all the concessions they claim, the railwaymen will be dissatisfied and *vice versa*. It is a difficult situation for all concerned. The sum for which the Government is liable in respect of the past financial year threatens to exceed 45 millions, and if the railways are left to "sink or swim," there will not be many survivors.

The Mexican Government may have the best intentions in the world, but it has still to learn that the City prefers hard cash to voluminous arguments expressed in the most elegant Castilian. A further lengthy document of the customary kind was issued in the course of this week. It was preceded, as usual, by a demand for Mexican bonds, attributed to "American sources," which may mean Mexico City or elsewhere, and its publication was followed by a reaction. It contained no definite indication when the payment of interest will be resumed, and did not mention the fact that Mexico could have paid up long ago, if she had been so disposed. There is not much doubt that these official assurances are issued for political purposes. President Obregon is disappointed at the delay in recognition of his government by the United States, and is trying to force the pace. Recognition, it will be recalled, is the indispensable preliminary to a Mexican loan by United States bankers. We suggest that the Mexican Government should make up its mind to meet its foreign obligations without waiting for this loan. Recognition would follow almost automatically, for the country would again become a paying proposition for American capital.

It is evident that some industrial groups in this country appreciate the fact that, in view of the prohibitive costs in many essentially British industries, a cut in wages is essential, unless we are to succumb to

foreign competition. It would, for example, provide a striking object-lesson, if ship-building costs in this country were to be compared with those in Germany. This is an industry that we can ill afford to prejudice; and it is reassuring therefore to learn that employers and employed have effected a satisfactory compromise on the question of wages. The employers demanded a reduction in rates on account of the severe depression in the industry. Last year a rise of 6s. per week was granted to time workers, and 15% for piece rates. At a conference this week between the Employers' Federation and that of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades a basis of settlement was reached, providing that the foregoing advances should be withdrawn in two equal instalments, the first to take place in May, and the second in June.

The heavy depression in the motor industry and the entire lack of encouraging features in the near outlook do not inspire confidence in the various schemes for bolstering up the many companies now in financial difficulties. This trade, like many others, has not yet got down to a sound economic basis, and until that is reached, it seems futile to attempt a financial re-establishment on a permanent basis. Unless we are very much mistaken, a big cut is necessary in the price of the average car, if any large public demand is to be expected. This can only come about, when the necessary material is obtainable at reasonable prices, and Labour realizes that its demands are ruining the industry.

Several petitions for the compulsory liquidation of motor manufacturing companies were in the courts this week. That of A. Harper, Sons & Bean was again adjourned in order that an amended scheme might be brought forward. To Straker-Squire an adjournment of six weeks was granted, in order that a scheme might be submitted for the approval of the court, it being necessary to hold meetings to sanction a reduction in the capital of the company. Apart from the latter, it is understood that the creditors have already accepted the scheme. A similar adjournment was also granted in the case of Martinsydes, the aeroplane manufacturers, for the purpose of considering an amended scheme.

The dividend of 28% free of tax, equal to 40% less tax, declared by the London Assurance Corporation, is a very welcome announcement in these hard times. A credit balance of £201,335 is revealed, or only £3,000 less than in the previous year. The best showing is made by the fire department, the total premiums amounting to £1,603,063 against £1,364,203, while the profit from this source is £155,384 against £96,258 in 1919. In the Marine department the results were less favourable for reasons that will be fully appreciated. Although there was an increase in the premium income, the losses were heavier, the net result being a substantial reduction in profits.

One market to show up well this week is that of Oil shares. Two of the most prominent shares have been Mexican Eagle and Roumanian Consol. Official confirmation has been provided of the bringing in of new wells referred to here a week ago. The new Portrero well, shut in for the time being, has an estimated production of 10,000 barrels, whilst another new well in the Naranjos field is said to be good for 60,000 barrels daily. The shares have of late been considerably depressed, on account of the salt-water scare in the Naranjos zone, notwithstanding the fact, pointed out by the company, that this trouble is mainly confined to the northern portion of the field, whereas most of the wells are more to the south, and continue to give satisfactory results. The shares have recovered fully £1 from the lowest level recently touched, and seem likely to make a further recovery.

Another feature has been provided by Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, the report of which recently ap-

peared. Interest in the shares has been quickened by the announcement that the Roumanian Government has accepted liability for the destruction that took place at the end of 1916, and that the damage has been fixed at £1,040,600, calculated at an exchange of 285 lei to the £. Any improvement in the latter will, of course, benefit the company. Further liability has been admitted by the British and French Governments to the extent of £300,000. A certain amount of re-financing for reconstruction is necessary, and an offer of convertible debentures is to be made at 95, carrying interest at 10%. This projected issue has made a favourable impression in the market. At an exchange of 285, the company's assets are valued at £2,000,000, which is, of course, not a fixed valuation. A marked improvement in exchange would make a big difference to the amount. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that the company's capital is to be increased from £1,750,000 to £2,500,000.

A matter of over 20 millions sterling was added to the issued capital of Lever Bros. last year, making the total £46,769,079. The earning of satisfactory dividends on such a vast sum appears to have presented no great difficulty. There are six varieties of shares, but the largest single amount is in 7% cumulative preference shares, which comprise, in fact, one half the share capital. The ordinary shares receive 20%, comparing with 17½% a year ago on a much smaller capital. Considering the trade depression that set in during the latter months of the year, the results are better than might have been expected. After providing for depreciation, renewals, etc., there was a credit balance of £3,270,000, in respect of which, it may be noted, the accounts have been credited with the large amount claimed from the Government for Excess Profits Duty. It is pointed out that the severe trade depression has been responsible for a heavy fall in the value of properties and interests in West Africa and the Philippines belonging to some of the associated companies. But after careful consideration of the whole of the assets, the directors are satisfied that all depreciations in value are covered by the appreciated value of the holdings of the company in other associated concerns, after setting aside out of that accretion nearly 4 millions capitalized last July. Since the end of the financial year it will be recollected that a 7% debenture issue for four millions was made. It may be added that the special and contingency reserves have been set off against a fall in value of stock and expenses in connection with capital issues.

At the beginning of January the Cunard Steamship Company made a £4,000,000 debenture issue at 90, carrying interest at 7%, which was largely oversubscribed. The object of the issue was to provide funds for the general purposes of the company, including the redemption of £1,000,000 debenture stock at 5½%, falling due at the end of the current year. The report just issued makes a very fair showing in view of the exceptional difficulties under which shipping companies have been operating for some considerable time. The profit of £1,181,620 compares with £1,724,920 in 1919, and the dividend on the ordinary share capital is reduced from 10 to 7½ per cent. As usual, a conservative policy has been adopted. The sum of £394,310 set aside for depreciation shows an increase of £24,000 over the previous year's allocation, and £25,000 is added to the balance carried forward. As an indication of the difficulties with which shipowners and shipbuilders have had to contend, it may be noted that the *Albania*, a passenger and cargo steamer of 12,767 tons ordered in June, 1916, from Scotts of Greenock, was not delivered until January this year. The *Scythia* of 19,503 tons, launched by Messrs. Vickers of Barrow, as long ago as March, 1920, and expected to be delivered last autumn, has not yet been completed, although expected to be ready in June. It is of some interest to learn that the conversion of the *Aquitania* for oil fuel consumption has been duly completed, and that the installation is working quite satisfactorily.

KING'S HEAD Tobacco

Contentment goes
hand in hand with
King's Head.

To experienced
smokers, the full-
flavour of this
tobacco is a thing
of rare enjoyment;
to those who do not
smoke, its exquisite
aroma is most in-
viting.



THREE NUNS

is a similar but milder blend

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4—Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/8

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
MEDIUM	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
HAND MADE	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.]

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman,
C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq., Deputy Chairman

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER.

Capt. Hon. E. A. FITZROY, M.P.

D. C. RUTHERFORD, Esq., J.P.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Sir C. E. H. HOBHOUSE

Bart.

E. J. HOLLAND, Esq., J.P.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specified age, and a second payment at death hereafter, Life Assurance without Medical Examination. No extra charge for female lives.

ALBERT BURTON NYE, Secretary.

HOW TO ASCERTAIN YOUR TAXABLE INCOME

Full particulars sent post free on application to the
General Manager,

SUN LIFE

OFFICE. Est. 1810.

63, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C. 2.

The Saturday Review

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The First Review (1855) is still the First (1921)

OWING to the difficulties experienced by many in obtaining copies of the "Saturday Review" at Newsagents and Bookstalls, we would urge the advisability of ordering copies in advance either locally or from this office (£1 10 4 per annum, post free everywhere).

By doing so the public will assist the management considerably. Not only should our readers order the Review for themselves, but for others whose views coincide with that of the Paper. There never was a time when the services of such a publication were so necessary in the public interest, for the present growth of newspaper syndicates render it difficult to obtain free and frank criticism of current events in the most momentous years of our history.

Write at once to:—

THE PUBLISHERS—

9 KING STREET, COVENT
GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.



E

is

E

2.

ariab

XUM